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FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWS-PAPER

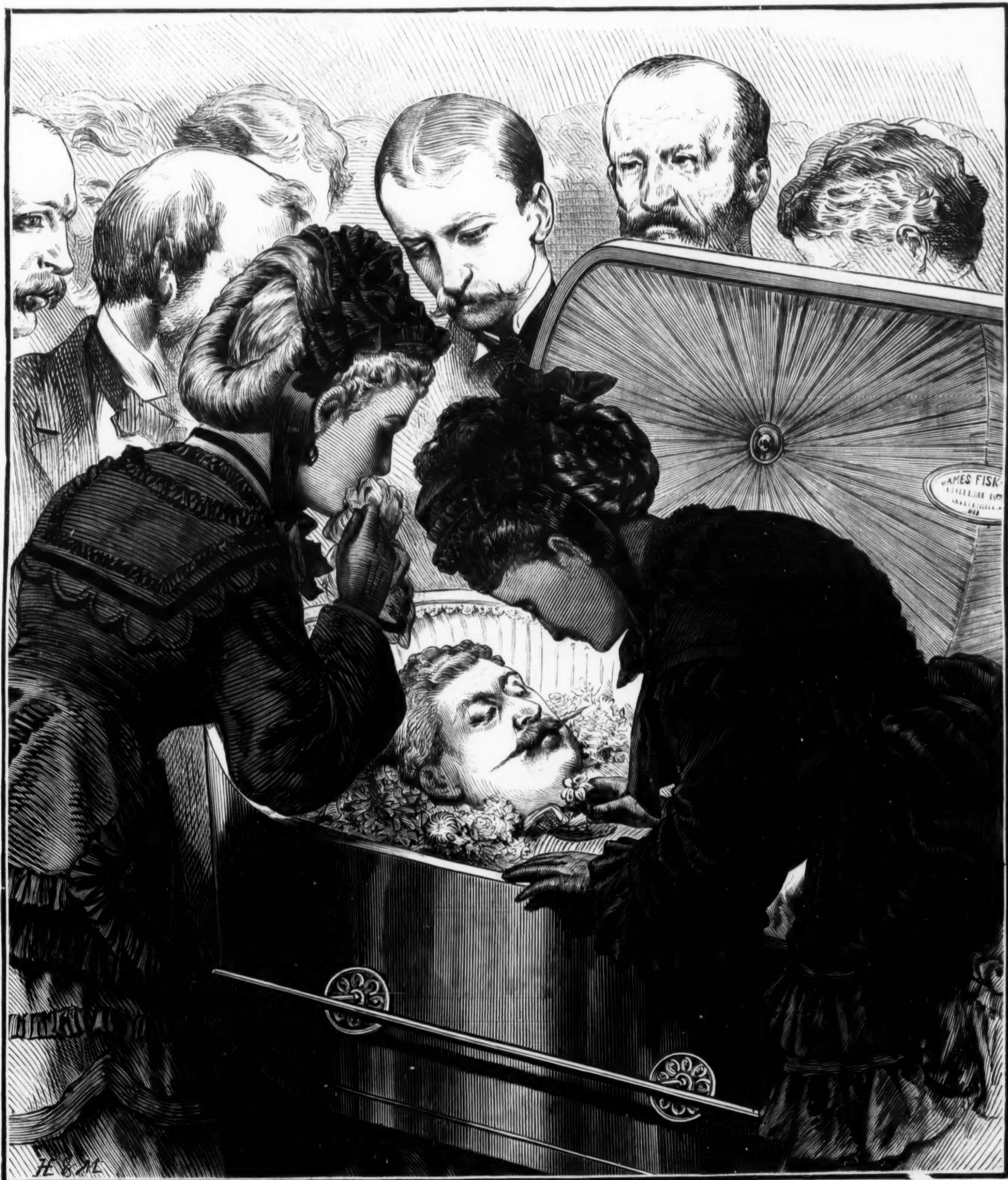


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[PRICE, 10 CENTS. 13 WEEKS, \$1.00.



NEW YORK CITY.—FUNERAL OBSEQUIES OF THE LATE COLONEL JAMES FISK, JR.—THE WIDOW AND RELATIVES TAKING LEAVE OF THE REMAINS AT THE RESIDENCE OF THE DECEASED IN TWENTY-THIRD STREET.—SEE PAGE 315.

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER
537 PEARL STREET, NEW YORK.
FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

NEW YORK, JANUARY 27, 1872.

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SPECIAL NOTICE TO THE LADIES.

FRANK LESLIE'S

Lady's Journal.

A NEW FEATURE.

In addition to the other attractions of the LADY'S JOURNAL, arrangements have been made with the distinguished composer, MR. J. R. THOMAS, universally known as the author of many of the most beautiful and popular ballads of modern times, by which the readers of the JOURNAL will be furnished, from time to time, with his compositions, both music and words being entirely original. The first of these productions appeared in No. 11, published on Monday, January 15th inst. It is entitled "The Darlings of our Home," and fully sustains the well-earned reputation of the author. By the adoption of this new feature, it must be remembered that, in buying a copy of the JOURNAL containing this piece of music, the purchaser receives in the music alone far more than the value of the price paid for the entire paper, leaving out of view its entertaining reading matter and superb illustrations.

We commence in the present number of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER the initial chapters of a new Story, by one of the most popular Novelists of the time. "THE SISTER'S SECRET" will be found to be full of deep and thrilling interest, and cannot fail to touch the secret chords of every heart. The characters are admirably drawn and sustained, and the incidents striking and admirably worked up. We predict for "THE SISTER'S SECRET" an unparalleled success with all who can appreciate a powerful story brilliantly treated.

THE RECENT TRAGEDY.

We little thought last week, when expressing the popular longing for a "new sensation," that we should have one afforded us so soon. It will not last long, and does not deserve to do so; but it has been a success in its way. People have not generally been greatly surprised nor greatly shocked, except by the renewed conviction of how little protection civilization and the law affords against the passions of our poor humanity. A man who has filled a wide space in the public eye, and whose name was associated chiefly with amusing, and even ludicrous images, has been slain in one of our chief hotels, by an enemy who apparently laid in wait for and gave him no warning or chance for his life. The career which seemed all comedy has thus been closed in sternest tragedy, and the dramatic interest attached to this strange, eventful history, accompanies it to its close.

On the circumstances which attended this violent "taking off" we do not propose to dwell, as they must be the subjects of judicial determination, and the Press has no right to anticipate the verdict of the Law, however plain a case may be.

The verdict of the coroner's jury is, "that James Fisk, Jr., came to his death in consequence of wounds inflicted on him by a pistol in the hands of Edward A. Stokes, discharged by him in a deliberate manner at the person of said Fisk;" and on this finding Stokes has been re-committed to the Tombs, to await his trial for murder.

Waiving all comments on the chief actor in this dreadful deed, we feel bound to comment on the terrible frequency of such occurrences of late, and the growing contempt for law and for human life which they indicate.

A case in many respects similar to this has but lately convulsed the minds of the people of New Jersey, and the echoes of McFarland's pistol have scarcely yet died away in New York.

As the coroner's jury has distinctly noted, the "deliberate manner" in which these deeds

have been done is their distinguishing characteristic. They are not deeds wrought out in "sudden heat and passion;" they are carefully planned and coolly perpetrated acts, and put their perpetrators at open war with society. For, whose life can be considered safe, if private and personal vengeance is to determine the tenure by which its possessor is to hold it? The reign of ruffianism may be bad enough, but this cold-blooded calculation is far more dangerous.

We have hitherto been wont to pique ourselves on the superior police, as well as the greater safety of life, in our metropolis, when contrasted with the "wild justice" of the West or the reckless free fights of the Southern country. But the recurrence of cases such as these must put a stop to our boasts, and cause us to entertain just apprehensions on this score. These acts indicate something unsound in our system of life, or the training of our youth—for, though laws may punish such acts, yet they can do little to prevent them. The man who now fills his bloody grave was no less a peculiar product of an exceptional state of society than the man who slew him.

If we desire to live quietly and die peacefully in our beds, we must change many of our existing habits, and stop the "fast trains" on which so many of our rising generation are rushing to destruction in the insane pursuit of sudden wealth and unhealthy notoriety.

OUR NAVY.

In past days our navy was the pet glory of our country. Its history, whether told by Cooper with dictionary-like accuracy, or emblazoned and made lurid by the fervid pens of more enthusiastic and less careful writers, was the pride of the nation. The veteran story-tellers loved to narrate their alleged personal experiences in the *Essex* or the *Constitution*. The *Guerrière* was the wondrous trophy captured in hard fight from the mistress of the seas, and the colossal *Ohio* was the stalking-horse for the youthful enthusiasm of the nation. They little knew the opposition made to her building; the vain attempts to decide her model; the nasty jealousy that never permitted this, the finest battle-ship ever built in the world, the monument to Eckford—America's neglected greatest genius in marine architecture—to be put into commission even, far less to make a prolonged cruise.

Nor are these glories of the past forgotten in the more modern achievements of our steam-moved battle-ships. Worden, Farragut and Porter will live in the hearts and history of the country; the latter, none the less for being the chief executive naval officer of the nation, and a refined, courteous gentleman, as well as—like his father, of the *Essex*—rough fighter.

But these glories of the past will avail little in the future, if we have no navy to perpetuate their memories and to be stimulated thereby.

A navy does not mean mainly, or "muchly," shipyards, storehouses of material, ammunition, equipments, or capacity to furnish the purser's chest. The all-important portion of this military arm is men. Nor is this demand limited alone to flesh and blood. There is much beyond and above mere physical force and a capacity to draw rations.

Firstly, comes nautical education, into which one cannot jump, as into his sea toggery. The simple capacity to stand on shipboard is only acquired after prolonged experience; and the simplest duties of the commonest landsman are matters to be learnt only with rolling necks and rolling waves.

Secondly, comes that higher knowledge of duty and honor, which is not acquired by education, but is a part and parcel of the man, born upon the soil to which his vessel belongs—nationality and a knowledge of the principles of the flag under which he serves, and which he is bound to maintain at the risk of his own life.

Once, we had these two elements of the true seaman; and then we were invincible upon the waves, and then we obtained the glory upon which we have ever since lived. Our seamen came from the common schools of New England; Cape Cod, and Cape Ann, and the bleak shores of Maine, furnished the sailors who manned the cod-fishermen of the Banks of Newfoundland, and the whalers of Greenland and the then most remote Pacific and Northern Oceans.

These were the schools for our marine; and our National Congress, in their annual bounties, thought not of the fish or the oil, but they wisely considered that these nurseries of American seamen imbued the mariners with a broad

comprehension of the great privileges which they in common with their countrymen enjoyed in belonging to free land, where equal privileges were open to rich and poor—Congress thought they were but encouraging the primary schools of seamen, educating trained water-knights, who should be ever prepared at their country's call to leap ready-made into her armed ships, knowing how, and with willing hearts, to defend their own cherished land.

And they judged rightly, for when the hour of peril came, the brave sailor gladly buckled on

his armor and stood up for his country's rights, which he had been taught to believe were "the rights of man."

How is it now? Petroleum has exploded the whale fisheries. The enterprise of New England is in Ohio, Kentucky and California, and New Bedford and Nantucket's "occupation's gone." The prairies are plowed by the same spirits that once plowed the rolling waves and the auriferous banks of Montana and Colorado discount more than the cod-banks of New England. The late war, too, used up the waning vigor of our mercantile marine. The clipper-ship spurt of fifteen or twenty years ago was the last evidence of the unsurpassed energy and superiority of American ship-builders. Just when the change from sailing to steam-vessels, from wood to iron, was unwillingly forced on to the world by the want of other building material in England or its dependencies—then, when we were at the head of the shipbuilding of the world, the rebellion came, turning it all, at unusually profitable rates, into the yards of Great Britain. These exorbitant prices enabled the builders to erect their furnaces and factories, perfect their machinery, and pay for their failures and imperfections.

As a consequent result of the above barely alluded-to facts, we have no American-built marines, and, as a necessity, no sailors. Our ports are filled with foreign flags, our seamen are Scotch, German, Swedes, Norwegians and Russians. There is scarcely a sailor with the American flag tattooed on his brawny arms.

Our navy's limit of 7,000 seamen is never full, and in time of quietude our ships are delayed for want of men. Then, once in a while comes a flurry, an excitement. We want to send a ship to look after our interests in Santo Domingo, or at St. Johns, and there is not a vessel that can be half manned and sent forthwith.

Then comes a great outrage in Havana. Beardless boys, for a trivial misdemeanor, are condemned to immediate and cruel death; many others are disgraced and subjected to ignominious punishment; the whole world cries shame to these petty despots; from one end of America to the other the nation appeals to the President to interfere, and with the power of the navy bring an armed intervention between the weak victim and the cowardly rulers. But the President merely sends for another box of cigars from Havana—he might as well, for no single vessel would answer to his orders, unless, indeed, the yards and the receiving-ships were stripped of their spare crews. Were it even known that a foreign fleet intended to sail into New York harbor in four weeks' or four months' time, it would be impossible to gather together American sailors enough to man the ships lying at the Brooklyn Navy Yard.

Now, if this be true—and it is in vain to deny it—do we not need something reformatory? Subsidizing American steam lines will do something, but not everything. Wild boys once sent to sea, are now sent to Nebraska and Alaska. Impecunious adventurers once sought the means of a short existence in whale-ships, who now find an uncertain livelihood in Omaha or Salt Lake City. Foreign lands are found by railroad, not through the obscure forecastle of an India-bound ship.

Subsidizing will not do everything, but it will do something. It will at least render the speculation of a costly line of vessels somewhat less hazardous, and thereby invite capital; it will prevent the growth of foreign powers, almost equivalent to the development of our own; it will create a class of vessels belonging to the nation capable of being called into our own service, and incapable of being employed against us: it will unite together a body of men of all nations who will be gradually brought, if not to appreciably understand our flag, to be bound by an *esprit de corps*—an article found rather scarce during our late rebellion, and incapable of a like perversion as was the idea of nationality, which degenerated to sectionalism.

The idea of a "nucleus" for the navy and army is both republican and economical, but there must be a source for ultimate increase and aggregation. Our national defense, saying nothing of preparation for offense, requires that our marine be efficiently increased. Subsidizing is only a temporary policy, but none the less imperative. When the present emergency is past, when the nation outgrows it, "when the whole boundless continent is ours," then it may be omitted, modified, or substituted by something better.

"THE LAST LINK IS BROKEN."

One by one the links of the chain which constituted the Ring have been broken. The last link which bound Tammany to Tweed was violently ruptured a few days ago, by his deposition from the post of Grand Sachem, which he has held for several years, and the substitution of Augustus Schell in his stead. At the same time Mayor Hall, Mr. Sweeney and Mr. Connolly sent in their resignations to the Sachems' Council. Tweed died hard. He was

asked to imitate the "well-bred dog," which ever gracefully retreats in time to escape the propulsive boot-toe, but could not bring himself to practice the virtue of resignation. Impatient of his delay, the eager braves met, held a powwow, and formally superseded him, and the Wigwam will know that portly presence no more.

We may now consider the Hari-Kari of all the four Ring-masters as completed. Sweeney has gone into exile, Tweed is only just outside of prison, Connolly, like Sterne's Starling, "couldn't get out" for a long time, and the Mayorality has gone into the hands of a receiver. Never has there been a collapse more sudden and more complete, in ancient or in modern times—never a stronger proof of the power of popular indignation to crumble to pieces the strongest combination of corrupt politicians. Let us hope the lesson may not soon again be needed in our municipal affairs, and let us at the same time remember, that, although we have begun a good work, we are yet very far from having finished it. On a larger scale and a wider theatre, the same work has still to be accomplished, and the money-changers and hucksters driven out of the National Temple at Washington, before we can fully felicitate ourselves as to the return of a better and brighter era.

Tammany has long been a very substantial and solid thing, a thing that paid well, and its Head Sachem not being of a self-denying nature, like Jeshurun's ass, "waxed fat and kicked."

The New Departure may revive some of its lost prestige and power, though it never can be what it was. In short, we may say that from a solid substance it now is reduced to a mere Schell.

AMERICAN ASTRONOMERS.

One of the most interesting features of current scientific history is the credit now accorded to American astronomers in a section of the world where their capacity has been subjected to rigid ordeals. Allusion is here made to the concessions wrung from British scientists by the development of astronomic skill in American observers of phenomena connected with recent solar eclipses, as well as in discoveries which have added largely to our knowledge of the asteroidal family.

This is the more remarkable, as it is only within the last thirty years that there were any adequate facilities in this country for studying the heavenly bodies—the oldest of our popular observatories, that founded in Cincinnati, not dating further than the year 1843—the great cometary display of which period having awakened something like a proper degree of popular interest that may be reckoned as the beginning of the astronomic research which has already resulted in trophies worthy of the age and country.

Glancing over the British commentaries on the solar eclipses of 1869 and 1870, we were struck by the emphatic compliments from some of the highest authorities to their American contemporaries. A pardonable degree of national pride induces us to make some brief extracts illustrative of our assertions. The English writer says:

"The observations of the American astronomers on the eclipse of 1869 were not accepted by all British scientists. No valid reasons were given for rejecting them, but they were pronounced in general terms to be 'bizarre and perplexing in the extreme.' Possibly, too, some of our English physicists had not formed a duly high opinion of the skill of their American fellow-workers. But, be this as it may, *certainly the American astronomers were somewhat cavalierly treated*, and the acceptance of their observations was postponed until such time as European astronomers should have been able to resolve those 'perplexities.' * * *

"The chief interest of the eclipse of December, 1870, undoubtedly attaches to this special question. Some few may have felt doubtful whether the observations to be then made might not serve to overthrow or to establish the theory that the *corona* is a solar appendage. But, it is no secret that the minds of all astronomers capable of weighing the evidence had been made up on this point long before the expedition started (to observe the eclipse of 1870 in Spain, Italy and Algeria). The question, however, whether the American observations of the previous year would be confirmed or not, was one on which grave doubts prevailed in many quarters. For ourselves, we must admit that these doubts had seemed to us to involve an *unjust disparagement of American men of science*—who have, again and again, *proved themselves the equals of the best European observers* in judgment and acumen, and often their superiors in energy. A careful study of the accounts given by the heads of the different observing parties, and more especially of the voluminous records in Commodore Sands's Report of the Eclipse Observations of August, 1869, had convinced us that future observations would confirm the statements made by the spectroscopic observers of the American eclipse.

"This has, in effect, happened. The first fruits of the eclipse expeditions of 1870 may be said to consist in this important fact, that the American observations made in 1869, 'bizarre and perplexing' though they seemed, and doubtful, as many held them to be, have been shown to be exact and trustworthy."

After analyzing the reports from sundry observers, at different stations in Italy, Spain, and Algeria, from portions of which countries the eclipse was visible during totality in 1870, the writer says:

"It's clear, then, that that part of the sky whence the light came which gave the spectrum of bright lines, was visibly occupied by the *corona* at the time.

No question can remain, then, it would seem, as to the true source of at least a large proportion of that light. The corona itself must have supplied it. Mr. Lorhyer, one of the observers in Sicily, announces in general terms that the American observations of 1869 have been confirmed. And the force of this announcement is somewhat strengthened by the circumstance that Mr. Lorhyer had been disposed to believe that the American astronomers had been deceived in 1869. * * *

"In comparison with this result, that the light of the corona gives a spectrum of bright lines (or, rather, a mixed spectrum, in which bright lines are superposed on a rainbow-tinted background), *all the other observations* made during the eclipse of December, 1870, *sink into relative insignificance*. * * * Let us briefly consider what conclusions may be deduced from the observed facts—premising that the doubts which have been so long allowed to rest on the statements made by the American observers in 1869 ought not to prevent us from assigning to them the full credit of attaining to the discovery of these bright lines indicative of the nature of the solar phenomena." * * *

The observations on the eclipse of December, 1871, in another part of the world—the Southern Hemisphere—will be read, when received, with increased rather than diminished general interest—unswayed by any of the doubts and jealousies lately prevalent in certain quarters, as above-mentioned. The vastness, the sublimity of the subject—the consciousness that every additional fact ascertained will facilitate progress in astronomical research generally—must continue to stimulate the astronomers of all countries, as is indicated by the zeal shown everywhere among that class of scientists concerning the transit of Venus—for observing which transit, although the event will not occur till 1874, preparations have been making in various nations since Bismarck stimulated the Prussian astronomers in 1869 to turn their special attention toward arrangements for thorough research on that occasion.

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

The valedictory address of the retiring Mayor of San Francisco, Hon. Thomas H. Selby, contains many facts of more than local interest concerning that great and growing city, numbering 165,000 inhabitants. Although only the tenth city of the Union in respect to population, it is fourth in maritime importance, having paid, last year, not less than \$8,000,000 into the Custom-house. The value of its commerce is only exceeded by that of New York and New Orleans, amounting during the past fiscal year to \$64,000,000. The vessels reaching its wharves during the same time, foreign and domestic, were 3,620. The coinage of the Branch Mint has been, since its establishment, \$321,000,000, more than half the coinage of the Philadelphia Mint since the foundation of the Government. The common schools of the city, all free from sectarian influences, are 87 in number, sustained at a cost of over \$700,000. They are attended by 20,000 children. Besides these, there are 63 private and denominational schools, 68 churches, 80 newspapers and periodicals, and the aggregate deposits in savings banks \$35,000,000 in gold. The debt of the city is only \$2,878,500. As an indication of the probable business that may be done eastward over the Pacific Railway, Mayor Selby informs us that, for the two months of September and October last, the amount of tea forwarded by the Central Pacific was 7,587,536 pounds, against 473,585 pounds for the corresponding months in 1870. In the same two months the road also carried 1,225,815 pounds of coffee. In the month of October, which is the last for which full returns of railroad exports have been prepared, 10,495,227 pounds of goods of all kinds were forwarded by rail from California, the leading articles of which were tea, coffee, hides, leather, hops, fish, fruits, silks, wine and wool. As regards mining, the retiring Mayor says:

"It is no longer a Californian specialty, with this city as its only point of supplies. The whole State is becoming more impressed with the necessity of fostering manufacturers and commerce. In the former we are successfully rivaling older communities in many articles of home manufacture, and competing with them to supply the wants of the vast populations bordering on the Pacific. The fact that the foundries, factories and workshops of San Francisco are at present filling orders from all the States of the Pacific slope, and from South America, Mexico, British Columbia, and Asia, indicates the importance into which our manufactures have grown."

We have long maintained that our vaunted "trial by jury," in nearly all important cases, is a fraud or a farce. Under the system in such cases, the accepted juror must be either a knave or a fool—a perjuror or an ass. We are glad to find so respectable and influential a paper as the *World* enforcing the same views. It says:

"Such a case as that of Stokes sets in a peculiarly high relief the obsolescence of our mode of trial by jury, and especially the absurdity of the manner in which jurors are selected. According to the strict rule, any man who has formed or expressed an opinion upon the subject matter of the inquest which he is summoned as a juror to assist, is disqualifed from serving. When the rule was laid down there were no railways, no telegraphs, and no newspapers, and not one in a hundred of the jurors summoned had ever heard even of the most famous cases they were expected to try. Now we have changed all that so completely, that not one in a hundred of the New Yorkers legally competent to try an issue have failed not only to hear, but to form and to express a most decided opinion upon his hearing, of such a transaction as the shooting of Flisk by Stokes. Therefore and

upon that reckoning it becomes necessary in such a case to form a panel of twelve hundred, and to detain that number of men from their work for several days, in order to secure a jury of twelve. In fact, still larger panel would probably be exhausted before the twelfth juror was secured. This is a dear price to pay even for justice. But at any rate we ought to be sure of getting justice at such a price. In order to justify the rule, the jury thus selected ought to be the fittest of the panel to try the case. But in fact it is the unfitness. Newspaper education may not be the most thorough in the world, but a man who does not read newspapers enough to have formed an opinion about a case with which all newspapers and the speech of all readers of newspapers have rung for days and weeks, is clearly incompetent to appreciate the value of evidence, or to form an opinion worth anything about the case after he has heard the evidence. A New Yorker who has not formed any opinion about the shooting of Flisk is certainly grossly ignorant. And a New Yorker who is grossly ignorant is so by his own fault; that is to say, he is a fool. Even the law does not hold that a tribunal of fools is likely to elicit a wise and just decision. The counsel for the prosecution who desired to hang a man without any evidence would rejoice in the chance of doing it which the choice of such a tribunal would give him. And the counsel for the defense who desired to acquit a man in the face of all the evidence would exult in such a tribunal. But it is absurd to say that the ends of public justice can be furthered by such a tribunal. And yet it is such a tribunal which a strict adherence to the practice of the courts requires in such a case as that of Stokes."

SINCE Jack Cade promised that, in event of his success as a reformer, a three-hooped pot should have six hoops, and a pint be two quarts (or something of that sort), we know of no attempt so utterly silly and *demagogical* (to coin a word) as that to define by law what shall constitute a day's work—how many hours a day's work shall consist of, and what shall be paid for a day's work. It may, perhaps, be well enough to limit the number of hours daily that people having the power to *compel* work shall exact, say in penitentiaries, prisons, reformatory institutions, asylums, etc. But when men seek employment from the State, they do so of their own accord, and should be paid just as if they were working for private individuals. Labor of all kinds is paid according to its worth, and no man is compelled to work more hours a day than he chooses. The more hours he works, the more he will get, probably. If he works ten hours, he will, doubtless, receive more than if he stipulated to work but eight hours; and it is an outrage on the great mass of laborers who are not in State or Government employ to give to the favored *inside few* who are in such employ as much for eight hours as the *outside many* obtain for ten. All legislation on this subject is equally foolish and wrong, and practically of little effect. The Governor tells us that the "Eight-hour Law" in this State is a delusion and a snare, a promise of which the performance is impossible, and intimates what he should have boldly recommended, its repeal. Those who assume that workingmen do not see through political tricks, and the attempts to deceive and control them by impotent legislation, mistake their intelligence.

THAT active and enterprising institution, the "American Antiquarian Society," of Worcester, Mass., we are glad to hear, from its annual report, is in a high state of prosperity. Its Librarian says that during the past year it has purchased "seventeen books, two pamphlets, and ninety volumes of newspapers," which, as the Treasurer reports that the funds of the Society amount to only \$74,692.26, is "doing the thing" in a magnificent style. We only fear that Librarian is a little "fast."

A DUTCH LAUNDRY.

At the top of the house, both in town and country, is invariably to be found a spacious laundry, extending, in fact, over the whole area of the house. In this the linen is stored in presses, and the clothing of the past season, Winter or Summer, all duly turned inside out, hangs on pegs all about. Here, twice in the year, Mevrouw holds her grand saturnalia. Without doubt, the most important item in a Dutch girl's dowry is linen. The quantity she thinks necessary for her own person and for household purposes is enormous. But then it should be known that she "washes" (the linen, of course), but twice a year. Cuffs, collars and muslins, she says, must be washed often; but all other things are flung, for a time, into large buck-baskets big enough for a half a dozen Falstaffs to hide in; indeed, these are astounding baskets, and when full, weigh four or five hundredweight. Every house has a block or pulley firmly fixed to the ornamental coping of the roof, which, indeed, is purposely constructed to carry this useful machine, and forms a noticeable feature in the architecture of all the Dutch houses; and by means of the block, these huge baskets are readily lifted to and fro from the laundry, and furniture of heavy articles of any kind to the other stories through the windows. A visitor for the first time may see with amused bewilderment that particularly lumbering trunk of his wife's, which had been the despair of railway porters throughout his journey, whipped up by invisible hands to a height of sixty or seventy feet in no time, and disappear through a bedroom window. The clothes are simply rough washed in the country, and when sent back, all the females in the house set to work for a good fortnight to mangle and iron, starch and crimp; and you may be sure that every bit of clothing a Dutch young lady of the middle classes is

wearing has thus been got up by her own fair hands. Their original outlay in linen is, no doubt, large; but the cheap mode of washing pays good interest for the money.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

General Exposition of Catalonia at Barcelona.

Our illustration, from the pencil of Señor Padro, a well-known Spanish artist, represents the machinery department of the great Exposition recently held at the wealthy, industrious city of Barcelona, which, amid all Spain's changes, maintains its ancient prosperity, due to the industry, enterprise and spirit of its people. The exhibition was rich in specimens of the modern Spanish school, one scarcely known yet among us, but worthy of examination by our amateurs who so liberally patronize the French and Belgian schools. Musical instruments showed great skill and care in manufacture, but the display of fans, in this land of fans, was perfectly bewildering. The various branches of more solid manufacture, for which Barcelona is renowned, had samples here of more than ordinary merit, and our illustration shows that the great feature of this age, machinery, finds worthy representatives in Spain.

The New Hall of the Italian Parliament—Roman Illumination at the Opening of the Chambers—Romans Playing.

Italian unity, the dream of Italian patriots, has lately witnessed its complete realization in the session of the First Parliament of reunited Italy, in the Eternal City. The new Chamber of Deputies is erected in Piazza Monte Citorio, on the site of the famous Statian Amphitheatre, and built over the courtyard of some old Papal barracks. Its exterior is not worthy of note, but the interior is very handsomely decorated. The shape is semi-circular, with graduated seats for the Deputies, for whom 508 places are reserved. Above are spacious galleries for the Royal Family, the Magistrates, the Diplomatic Corps, the officers of the National Guard, and the Press. The prevailing colors of the decorations are walnut and gold, which, though producing a fine effect, are somewhat too sombre for the taste of the Italians.

The first meeting of the Parliament in Rome was the occasion for almost unbounded rejoicing and festivity, one prominent feature being a series of illuminations for which the Romans have long been famous. Signor Ottino enjoys the reputation of being the chief in the art of illumination; so, on the occasion of the opening of the first Session of the Italian Parliament in the Eternal City, his services were called into requisition. Inspired by patriotism and incited by the attendant circumstances, Signor Ottino surpassed all his previous efforts; and our engraving conveys some faint notion of the results produced—so far as these were exhibited in the Piazza del Popolo. The effect was wonderfully fine, and is described as having been universally admired. The Corso, Ripetta, Campidoglio, and adjacent streets and piazze, were one moving mass of people enjoying the result of Ottino's handiwork. The arches which spanned the Corso from end to end—each formed by double half circles of burners, and springing on each side from triple baskets filled with green branches, with banners round their edges inclosed in white globes to represent flowers—made the street a brilliant arcade gorgeously rich in color from the scarlet draperies, and culminating in a gigantic fairy-tent of light, covering the entire Piazza del Popolo.

Our other illustration of a street-scene in Rome is a characteristic sketch by a well-known artist, and faithfully depicts the indolence and careless habits for which the lower orders of the Italian population have long been distinguished.

The Communist Prisoners at Versailles.

There is a large building in the Rue des Chantiers, Versailles, known as Le Chantier, which is used as a prison for the reception of the Communist prisoners, or persons arrested for complicity in the insurrection. This prison is kept in perfect order, and the prisoners appear to be as contented and as comfortable as men in their circumstances can well be. The rooms are spacious and ample for the accommodation of the prisoners—each floor consisting, so to speak, of one immense hall, supported by four rows of iron columns. They are well lighted, and present a cheerful appearance. There is a large court outside where the prisoners are allowed to promenade between the hours of seven in the morning and five in the afternoon. One of the prisoners, a man named Petit, had the happy idea of forming school for the instruction of his fellow-prisoners in the elementary branches of learning. The idea took; the school was formed, and worked successfully. There are at present about sixty scholars of various ages—one old man of sixty making himself conspicuous by his zeal in learning to read and write.

The Tichborne Mansion.

Everything connected with the family of Tichborne has possessed a peculiar interest since the commencement of the remarkable trial which has become a subject of almost universal comment throughout Christendom, developing more romantic features than any merely civil case in modern times. With the general character of the controversy, every one who reads the newspapers must be familiar, and we therefore refrain from recounting any of even the leading points, and content ourselves with exhibiting a view of the family seat in Hampshire, which has been held uninterruptedly by the family since the ninth century.

Anniversary of the Battles of Champigny.

On the 2d of December, 1871, under a clear sky and bright sun, a commemorative service was held at Tremblay, in honor of the officers and soldiers who were buried there, the victims of the terrible battles of Champigny which took place on November 30th and December 2d, 1870. Two tents in the form of parallelograms were erected close to the graves. One of them was devoted to the purposes of a temporary chapel, and the other to the reception of the invited guests. The tents were decorated with flags draped in the emblems of mourning, among which were also displayed the cartridge-boxes indicating by their inscriptions the regiments to which the victims belonged. High mass was celebrated by the new Archbishop of Paris, assisted by the two Vicars-General, and his ecclesiastical suite. A large detachment of military and an immense concourse of citizens of every grade took part in the proceedings. After the religious exercises were concluded, General Ducrot delivered an impressive and eloquent funeral oration.

FARRAGUT'S old frigate, the *Harford*, is being overhauled at the Brooklyn Navy Yard. Relic-hunters are besieging the officers for planks, doors, bolts, spars, and other remains of the gallant craft.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

Mlle. Nilsson is singing in Cincinnati.

Mr. Sothern began an engagement in Philadelphia on the 15th.

Mr. Charles Mathews is to appear soon at Mrs. Conway's Theatre, Brooklyn.

The Boston Theatre was crowded last week by the patrons of *Parpa-Rosa*.

Mrs. Moulton, the charming cantatrice, sang in Washington last week.

Mlle. Cary is growing more popular every day, which shows that singing is not very precarious after all.

The benefit entertainment offered by theatrical friends to the unfortunate Matilda Heron was postponed from the 12th to the 17th of January.

It is said that Sol Smith Russell, who made funny faces from the stage last Winter, is hereafter to do the same from the pulpit.

Wachtel has taken Philadelphia by storm, and his notes have been eagerly accepted. On one night he had an audience of forty-five hundred persons.

"Humpty Dumpty," ever popular with the little folks—and old ones too—has jumped into new scenes, in which he appears more jolly than heretofore.

"No Thoroughfare," a dramatization of Dickens's work of the same name, was on the boards of the Grand Opera House last week, with Mr. and Mrs. Florence in leading rôles.

The "Fleur de Thé" given by Mlle. Aimée at Lina Edwin's Theatre last week with Duchesne of *General Baum* fame, and other favorite artists, was well attended and heartily appreciated.

Theodore Thomas's series of concerts at Steinway Hall has proven one of the choicest musical treats of the season. The efforts of his famous orchestra and Mlle. Krebs, the pianiste, have been warmly applauded.

Mr. William Brindley, a musical genius, commenced a short season at Tony Pastor's Opera House, January 15th. He plays several concertinas and other instruments at once, and introduces his arrangement of tumblers for sacred and dancing airs, and his wonderful musical bottle.

SCIENTIFIC.

A SCIENTIFIC society has been formed at Middletown, Conn., and Dr. John Johnson, of the university, elected president, Professor Rice, corresponding secretary, and Professor John M. Van Vleck, treasurer.

It is worthy of note that the Swedish Arctic expedition has brought from Greenland twenty specimens of meteoric iron, two of them of enormous size. One now placed in the hall of the Royal Academy of Stockholm measures about forty-two square feet, and weighs nearly twenty-one English tons; another, which has been presented to the Museum of Copenhagen, weighs about six tons.

The use of electricity as an agent in aid of dental surgery is a novel scientific application. Dr. Bonwill exhibited, at a late meeting of the Franklin Institute, an electro-magnet, which was constructed to drive a plugging tool for filling teeth. By its agency, the work of dentistry is said to be greatly lessened, and the time of an operation considerably shortened.

CHEESE-MAKING has become a most important industry in the United States, and cheese is now a conspicuous article of export. The first desideratum in making cheese is to insure its "ripening"—which is, in fact, the development and growth of *Micrococcus* and other forms of mold. This is done in various ways, all having for their object the introduction of large numbers of germs of the appropriate fungus. The ripening of *Stracchino* cheese is thus induced by the introduction of layers of old curd; that of *Roquefort* by an admixture of moldy bread, containing germs of *Penicillium*, and that of *Brie* by packing the thin cheeses between layers of musty hay.

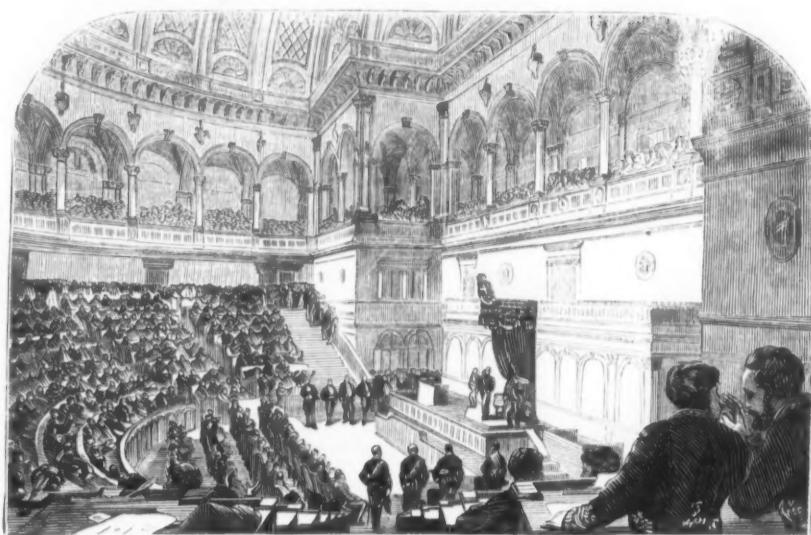
THE destruction of the Museum of the Chicago Academy of Sciences, during the great fire of that city, must be deplored by all. The Museum contained the largest collection of Crustacea in the world, filling, says Dr. W. Stimpson, the curator, in a letter to Professor Agassiz, more than ten thousand jars. Dr. Stimpson writes: "Everything of value that I had in the world was deposited in the building for safety." The *American Journal of Science and Arts* says: "Dr. Stimpson is one of the ablest and most energetic workers in geology in the country, and he deserves something more than ordinary commiseration. Should a scientific library be restored to him by gifts from others over the world, and from owners of duplicate copies of zoological works, it would not be more than a just return for all his unwearied labor in the cause of science." We trust the suggestion, which we gladly repeat, may be acted upon.

DR. CALVERT has made a series of important experiments, to determine the effect of heat on living organisms. He took a solution of white of egg, full of microscopic life, and a solution of gelatine full of microscopic life, as also solutions of sugar and hay. These solutions were put into little tubes, and submitted to temperatures of 100, 200, 300, 400, and 500 degrees Fahr. It was found that at 100 degrees the living organisms were not at all affected; at 200 degrees they were not affected; at 300 degrees they were still alive—three or four vibrios in each field; and it was only at 400 degrees that life disappeared. The same solutions were then put on little slips of glass, dried, some in the air and some at a temperature of 212 degrees, and introduced into tubes. As before, it was only at 400 degrees that life disappeared. By another experiment it appeared that in a fluid where life had been destroyed by heating to 400 degrees, no life was subsequently developed, whereas in one which had been heated to some of the lower temperatures, such development took place. If, says Dr. Calvert, there were such a thing as spontaneous generation, he could not understand why there should not have been life reproduced in his tubes which had been heated to 400 degrees; whilst a little life was reproduced in one heated to 300 degrees, and more in one heated to 200 degrees. It appeared to him that medical men would do well to consider the temperature at which life was destroyed. Admitting that contagious disease was due to the introduction into the system of a germ of some kind, either vegetable or animal, so far as his experiments went, a temperature of 400 degrees was necessary to destroy such germs on clothing to which they might have become attached.

The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—See PRECEDING PAGE.



ENGLAND.—THE TICHBORNE MANSION IN HAMPSHIRE.



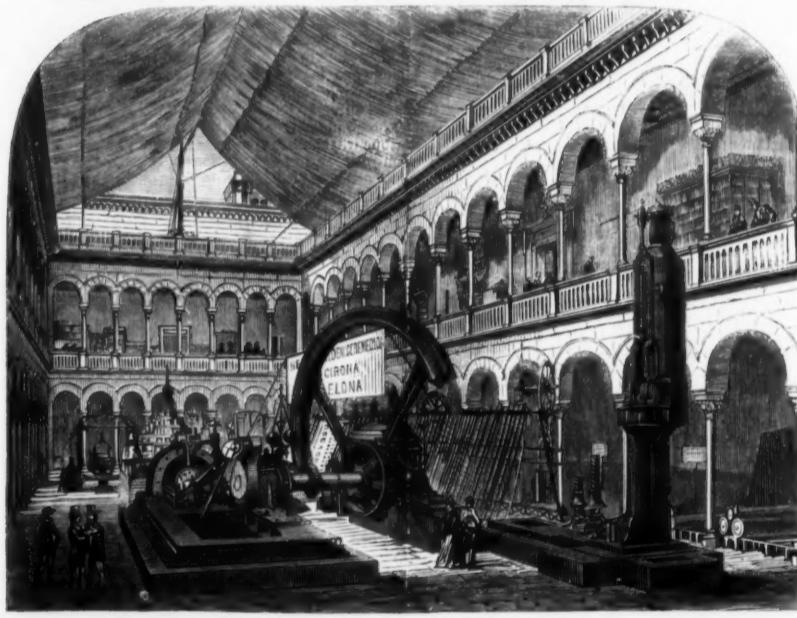
ITALY.—THE NEW HALL OF THE ITALIAN PARLIAMENT AT ROME.



FRANCE.—SCHOOL FOR COMMUNIST PRISONERS AT VERSAILLES.



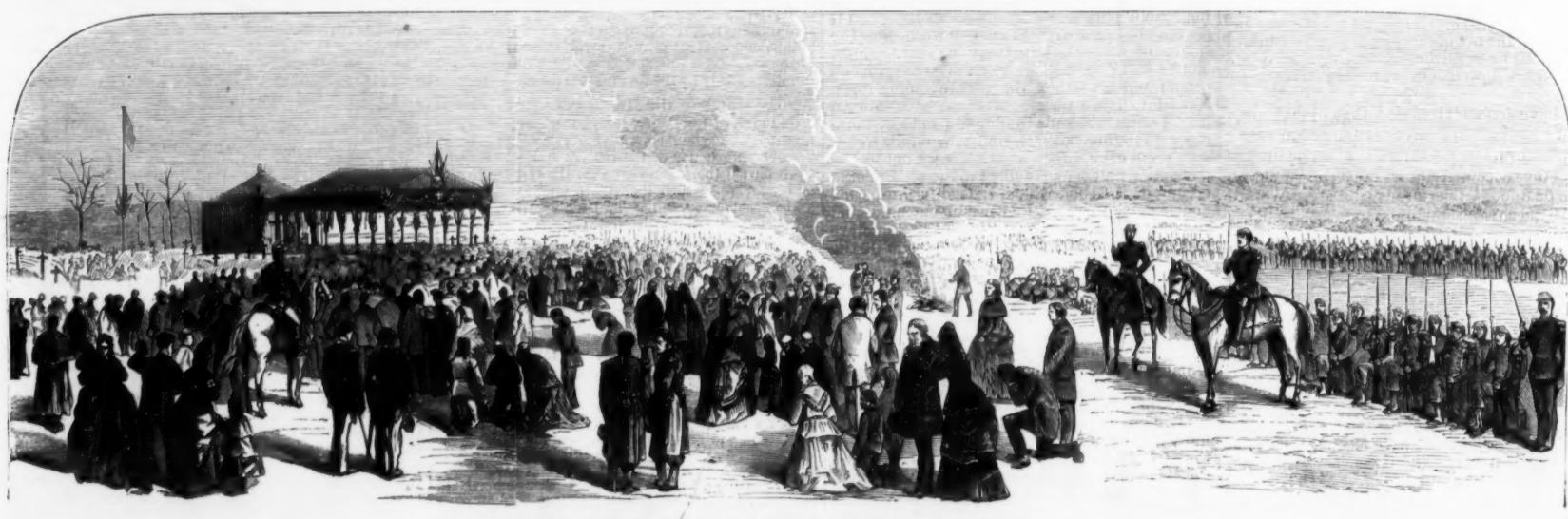
ITALY.—ILLUMINATION IN THE "PIAZZA DEL POPOLO," ROME, UPON THE OPENING OF THE ITALIAN PARLIAMENT.



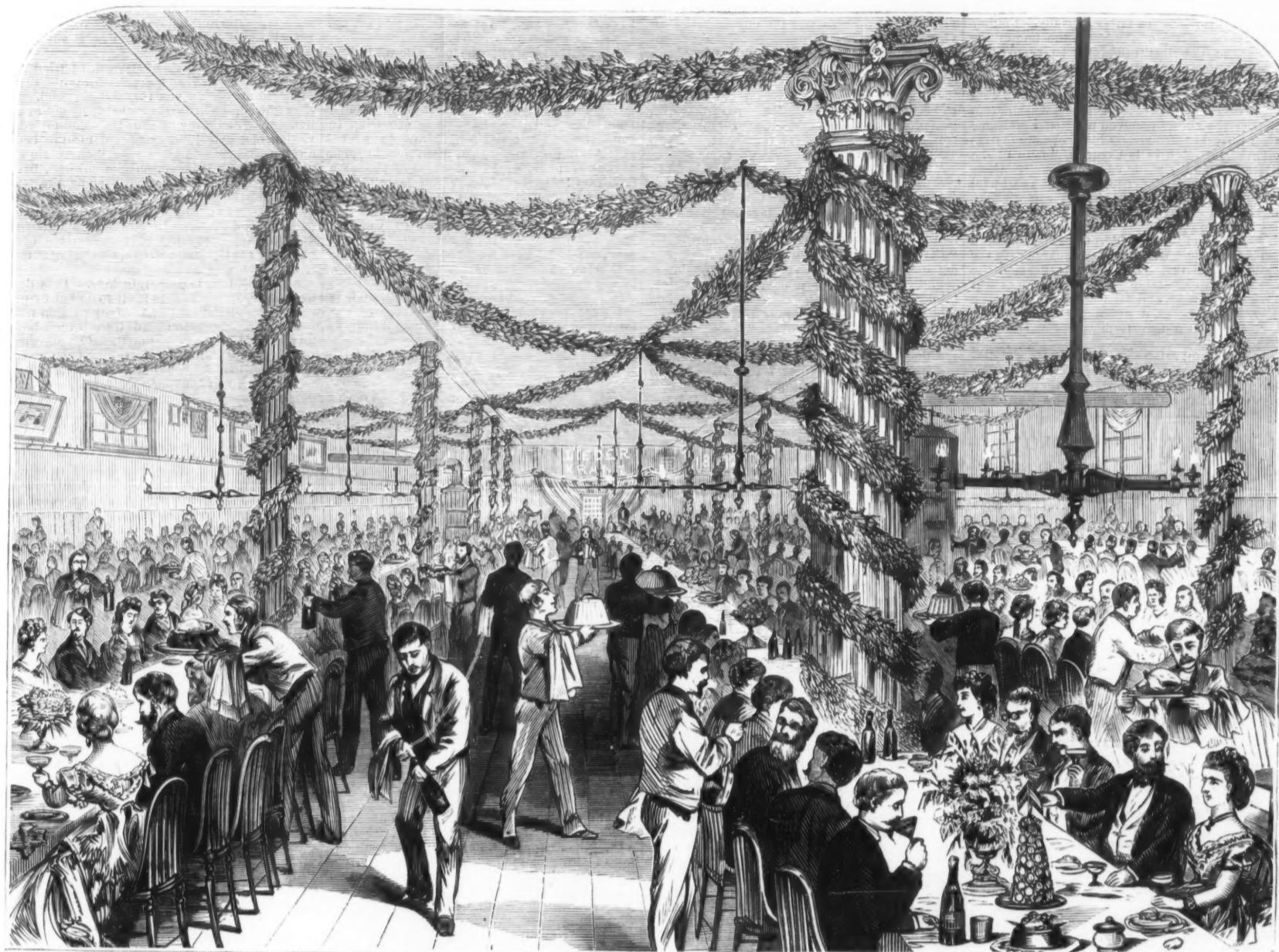
SPAIN.—THE MACHINERY DEPARTMENT OF THE GENERAL EXPOSITION AT BARCELONA.



ITALY.—A STREET SCENE IN ROME.—A GROUP OF ROMANS PLAYING.



FRANCE.—ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATION OF THE BATTLES OF CHALONS.



NEW YORK CITY.—GRAND BANQUET OF THE "LIEDERKRANZ" SOCIETY, AT THE CLUB-HOUSE IN FOURTH STREET. ON THE OCCASION OF THE TWENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE FORMATION OF THE SOCIETY.

LIEDERKRANZ ANNIVERSARY.

The Twenty-fifth Anniversary of the Liederkranz Singing Society of New York was celebrated on Tuesday evening, January 9th, at its elegant hall on Fourth Street. Mr. Oswald Ottendorfer, President of the Society, delivered the address, after which Mr. Loring J. Davis, of the Washington Choral Society, presented a testimonial containing all the pictures of the members of the Society who were present in New York at the time of the great Saengerfest.

The exercises were agreeably enlivened with music. A liberal banquet was prepared in the dining hall, to which the members and guests repaired at an early hour of the evening. The hall was tastefully decorated with flowers and evergreens. After the supper, the company returned to the main hall, and the ball commenced. Theodore Thomas's orchestra furnished the music.

The affair was, as usual, highly interesting to the participants, who were particularly indebted to Mr. Rommelsbacher, the Superintendent of the Hall, for the arrangement of the banquet and general exercises.

CHRISTINE NILSSON AS "MIGNON."

Of all the operas in which Miss Nilsson has distinguished herself, the three in which she is confessedly most successful are, "Lucie," "Faust" and "Mignon"—and in this trio of excellence the palm has generally been awarded for superlative merit to her impersonation of *Mignon*. Certainly the rôle presents her versatility more prominently than any other part. The humility of the peasant, the unconscious innocence of the young girl, the dawn of love in the conscious heart of the awakening woman, the humorous impatience of the page, the bitter jealousy of the proud and loving woman—these are all portrayed by the great *artiste* in an imitable manner. Our portrait of Miss Nilsson in this character approximates perfection, and will therefore interest alike the many who have heard her and the few who have not.

THE NAVAL BALL.

The students of the United States Naval Academy, at Annapolis, Md., enjoyed their annual ball on Friday, January 5th, in the old

battery near the bay. It is doubtful if any class of persons derive greater pleasure from scenes incidental to the dance than the young gentlemen who are preparing themselves for usefulness in the army and navy of the country.

From the time they enter the Academies until they graduate, few opportunities are offered by a rigid discipline for the jollity that springs from such occasions. These balls are therefore valuable in a sanitary sense to the students, and certainly dispel the morbid feelings that continuous study induces.

The ballroom was arranged in splendid fashion; in fact, our naval friends have the knack of economizing space and material in a delightful manner. Groups of arms, garlands of flowers, and clever devices that would be appreciated by any naval man, were freely displayed about the walls. The finest decoration was the design occupying the centre of the floor. A series of pillars were erected in a circular form, the tops being arranged to represent trees. The upper branches were encircled by rings of gas-pipes, the lights of which contrasted agreeably with the verdure of the decoration. On the floor a miniature lake was exposed, surrounded by moss-covered rocks, with overlapping branches of ferns. In the centre was a fountain, throwing way up among the branches a watery spray, which, uniting with a mechanical storm above, fell upon the rocks with a harmless splatter, studding the emerald with thousands of brilliant spots, and forming a most delicate shower.

The band numbered some thirty performers, and gave a preparatory blast shortly after eleven o'clock. Then the joyous students took position for the opening dance, being for the evening permitted to clasp their fair loves in a chaste embrace.

At midnight the scene was quite dazzling. Jewels sparkled as their bearers flitted about in the maze; the modest uniform of the cadets never looked brighter; the professors, acknowledging the temporary supremacy of their charges, had their buttons and epaulets and sashes renovated for the occasion, and the ladies—all young, and of course pretty—did their best to make a fine display of fashionable toilettes.

The absence of the President was particularly remarked, for his participation would have been a compliment and encouragement to the cadets, and the pressure of official business, which did not prevent his making a tri-



Mlle. CHRISTINE NILSSON IN THE CHARACTER OF "MIGNON."

to Philadelphia, might certainly be strained sufficiently to enable him to take a half-hour's survey of the young gentlemen whose education he is supposed to foster officially. Neither was the Secretary of the Navy, the immediate patron of the institution, to be seen. The President was represented by a number of his relatives, and Secretary Robeson by Paymaster Cunningham, Lieutenant Christopher and several other naval officers from Washington. Few of the guests received a heartier welcome than Governor Bowie and his charming daughter, the presence of the chief magnate of the State being a high honor to the cadets. Commodore Worden, Superintendent of the Naval Academy, was assiduous in his attention to the guests, and added materially to the enjoyment of the occasion.

The banquet was considered between one and two o'clock, and while it was prepared with the best possible taste, the students deemed the occasion more suitable for the exercise of feet than of stomachs, and after a few mouthfuls the company went at it again with a heartiness that betrayed a fear it might prove the last ball.

The youthful sailors made agreeable and dignified hosts, and the favors extended them by the guests were as flattering as they were deserved. Many returns of the night

"A MENSA ET THORO."

BOTH of us guilty and both of us sad—

And this is the end of passion!

And people are silly—people are mad

Who follow the lights of fashion;

For she was a belle, and I was a bean,

And both of us giddy-headed—

A priest and a rite—a glitter and show,

And this is the way we wedded.

There were wants we never had known before,

And matters we could not smother;

And poverty came in an open door,

And love went out at the other;

For she had been humored—I had been

spoiled,

And neither was sturdy-hearted—

Both in the ditches and both of us soiled,

And this is the way we parted.

THE SISTER'S SECRET.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

CHAPTER I.

I CANNOT tell what it was that had plunged me into so long a fit of abstraction. My mind had probably taken its complexion from the pale October afternoon. The air was moist and sweet; but there was a smell of decay in it. It made a trouble to me, like a presentiment. I have known such a trouble in breathing the air of old churchyards.

I was sitting at my bedroom window. The setting sun threw its leveling light slantwise; so that I was able to watch the prospect it illuminated without the inconvenience of having my eyes dazzled. The gardener was at work below.

His patient form was stooping on the walks; and as he trimmed the box along the beds, I heard the clink of his snapping shears rise like tinkle of a silver bell. Ivy Lodge had very little grounds to boast; but being built on an eminence, it overlooked a broad expanse of undulating country.

I loved to watch the evening mantling the distant hills—calling out tiny lights one by one upon the landscape, in its slow envelopment, and filling the air with a stillness which I could hear, and which I used to think on as an audible symbol of eternity.

I was barely eighteen. My reflection stood like an apparition in a looking-glass opposite. It exhibited a pale face shaded by brown hair, smoothed off the forehead and plaited in coils behind; small features; a young mouth, expressing little character, and eyes not large but dark. Kate, with sisterly candor, would tell me I was not pretty, but interesting. I was proud of my hands, which were small and white.

Nature had not plentifully endowed me with the instinct of self-appreciation; though I will not deny that I had vanity enough to keep my self-respect in order.

Aunt Emma was out on her customary afternoon walk. I had been in my bedroom since two o'clock, and believed that Kate had accompanied Cousin George to the library at Lorton, a two-mile walk. But I was mistaken; for all at once the door was impetuously thrown open, and Kate bounded into the room.

She was nearly half a head taller than I. She was decidedly pretty. Her hair was a pale red, which became burnished when a bright light took it. Her complexion was delicately beautiful. She had soft blue eyes, that filled and faded with a sort of pulsation of light.

Her finely-shaped head floated upon her neck with the stately grace of a lily on water. I was about to express my surprise at seeing her, believing her to be out, when she exclaimed:

"Oh, Maggie! Major Rivers is down-stairs. Do come and see him with me!"

I slightly started at the name, and made a movement as if to accompany her. But, changing my mind, I exclaimed, abruptly:

"I don't care to see him."

"You must come!" she exclaimed, advancing to the looking-glass and pulling her silky hair a little more over her clearly-cut brows. "You know it wouldn't be right for me to see him alone."

"Why not?"

"Aunt Emma would make one of her bitter epigrams out of it. It would supply her with an excuse for a twelvemonth's badgering."

I wanted much to go with her, but a feeling

of irritation I could not suppress kept me fixed to my seat.

"He has come to see you, Kate, not me. My presence would only mar the enjoyment of his visit."

She looked at me, and burst into a laugh. I colored. "Oh, you queer child!" she cried, still toying with her hair and fixing her eyes on the looking-glass. I made no answer, but, planting my elbows firmly on the window-sill, leaned my cheeks on my hands and stared resolutely down.

"Are you coming?" she asked.

"No."

"Really, Maggie, you grow very ill-natured. He is down-stairs, and mustn't be kept waiting. Come!" She advanced and laid her hand upon my arm.

"It's of no use," I said, evading her touch. "I'm not going. I hate hypocrisy, too. You don't want me. What's the use of shamming?"

She remained for a moment undecided, taking, apparently, no notice of what I had said. Finally, with a farewell coquettish adjustment of her hair, she left the room. I rose from my seat when she was gone, and closed the door after her. I returned to the window, but as I passed the glass I saw my eyes reflected, angry and gleaming.

I will not deny it: I was jealous. I loved Major Rivers. My love was sweet to me, and passionate and secret. In looking back, I in vain endeavor to sound the depths of my feelings toward him at that time. Memory is never more deceptive than when she deals with vanished passions. But though, at this distance of time, I cannot gauge my girlish love in all its depths—compass it in all its extent—I believe that few loves were ever more deep.

Major Rivers was a friend of my cousin George. The occasion of their meeting I forgot; but in due time George's friend was invited to Ivy Lodge, and we were introduced to him. At the period that my story opens we had known him a year, or even longer. During the whole time of his acquaintance or friendship, he had never suggested by any conduct which of us two sisters had his preference. At the commencement of our acquaintance I had not much cared for him. I had framed for myself my ideal lover, and Major Rivers hardly approached my girlish creation. But as time went on, I discovered myself growing thoughtful. I experienced a pleasure in his society which I had not felt before. I found myself wondering at my feelings, with a half-glad, half-doubting surprise. But as yet the fascination was slight. The air was full of a light that had not yet scorched—of an aroma that had not yet poisoned.

I was a country-girl, you must understand—fortuneless, green, but not stupid. I had a quick intelligence; but of what use was it to me in an out-of-the-way corner like Lorton, where not even a dozen of commonplace incidents happened in a year upon which to exercise it?

My sister and I were orphans. We had been confined at a very early age to the care of Mrs. Gordon, my father's sister; and with her at Lorton we had lived, the horizon of our girlhood no larger than that of our fancy; our hopes cramped by a sense of helpless dependence; our dreams, our aspirations, simple, childish, bucolic. The only knowledge I had of life I had got from novels. I had looked upon an outer existence through them, and had caught—as you may believe—but a confused notion of the truth. The monotony of my country life seemed to me like a fortress—sombre, impenetrable, massive. I, the imprisoned, peered eagerly through any crevice that admitted the light. I stared through the loopholes of romance. You may guess my ideas were few—and wrong.

I loved as I lived: secretly, confusedly, wrongheadedly. But I loved truly. I reflect with astonishment upon the fidelity of my reason to my passion. No pearl in its shell was more sacredly guarded, more impenetrably hidden, than my love in my heart. Even Kate, filled by love with a keenness that was independent of reason, did not discern it.

I remained in my room, and half an hour slipped away. I detested my perversity, that would not allow me to see the man I loved; but my jealousy was more than a match for my longing. Yet I could find no excuse for my ideas were few—and wrong.

I did not believe that Major Rivers cared more for Kate than myself; nay, there had been occasions when my vanity tempted me to believe that he saw in me the qualities he professed most to admire in women. "I like quaint women," he once said to me, in reply to some brusque, even odd remark of mine; "I like those elfish girls, whose brains are like a panorama of embroidered tapestry which slowly unwinds a long array of quaint, striking figures."

I appropriated the remark, and hugged it into a compliment. But as my love waxed stronger, I found myself shaping troubles out of my imagination.

His constant visits to Ivy Lodge implied a compliment and an attraction. The compliment I gave to George; the attraction I worried my mind to conjecture.

The sun had set. A pearly twilight tinted the heavens; a single star had dropped into the eastern sky; an Autumnal coolness had crept upon the air, and a moist smell of decay rose from the garden. I shivered, and left my chair.

At that moment I heard a low tap at the door. It was like Aunt Emma's subdued knock. Thinking it was she, I opened the door. It was Kate. A rich red upon her cheeks heightened the unusual lustre of her sweet eyes.

She came in at once and took my vacant chair at the window. I noticed the quietude of her manner.

"He has proposed to me," she said.

I gazed earnestly at her for a time, doubting her. There was little need for skepticism.

"You know it wouldn't be right for me to see him alone."

"Why not?"

"Aunt Emma would make one of her bitter epigrams out of it. It would supply her with an excuse for a twelvemonth's badgering."

I wanted much to go with her, but a feeling

never seen before: there was a ripeness there, as if the maturity of womanhood had suddenly come upon her. I know not how it was that I remained so calm; yet what she told me did not strike me as unexpected.

It appeared rather like the realization of a secret conviction. I was no more startled at it than I have been by the sudden impression seizing me that I have lived in a scene which the strained memory refuses to draw into my present life. I am sure that there are events occurring in our lives which are foreshadowed by a prophetic intuition, and which, when they happen, do not surprise. I do not advance this as a discovery; but to those, as to myself, who have had many such experiences, life is full of ghostliness.

"Major Rivers has proposed to you?" I exclaimed.

"Yes; and I have accepted him."

Nothing was said after this for some minutes.

Presently, looking up, she exclaimed:

"Why do you not congratulate me, Maggie?"

I went over to her and kissed her on the forehead. I noticed a joyous thoughtfulness in her face, which indicated too much self-engrossment to heed my silence or my salute.

"His offer makes me feel very happy, Maggie."

"He will make you a good husband," was my answer.

"Could you have guessed that he loved me?" I shook my head.

"I did not know it. Until recently," she went on, "he was never more than polite to me. Even when I noticed an increasing warmth in his manners I would not mention it, for I did not like to believe it; and yet, do you know, I had a presentiment of a declaration."

"You are very pretty, Kate; and I am only surprised that he did not propose to you before."

"Do you think it was my face that took him?" she asked, glancing at her reflection. "He always professed to like quaint girls—brusque women, who burst out with odd sayings. I am sure there is nothing of all this in me!"

"I have read," I answered, a little bitterly, "that what a man likes and what he marries are not always identical. But," I added, quickly, "no one could say such a thing of Major Rivers. He is too thoughtful to be capricious. Be sure he loves you, or he would never have proposed."

"He proposed to me so quietly, Maggie," she said. "Had I not anticipated his declaration it would have taken me some time to understand him. He spoke so slowly—so gently. A light in his eyes filled me with confidence. I said 'Yes' without a shiver. . . . When a thing has happened, how we laugh at all our fears! Do you remember how I used to say that I would faint with nervousness if ever I should be proposed to?"

I was battling fiercely with my feelings, and could only answer her with a nod.

"What a change it will be!" she exclaimed.

"I cannot realize leaving you—leaving this house—leaving this old scene," looking out upon the darkening landscape. "But I am very sick of this monotonous life, Maggie; every day alike—a getting up and a going to bed, with no other excitement than mealtime in all the weary hours."

"Has Aunt Emma come in?"

"She had not arrived up to the time that Major Rivers left."

"You will tell her to-night that Major Rivers has proposed?"

"Yes. But I don't much like the process. You must be with me, dear. You must help me. He will call himself and see her to-morrow. I told him there was only her sanction to procure—nothing more. I had no fortune."

"He was prepared for this?"

"Perfectly. He drew up my life in a little picture. Oh, he made such a dainty little story of it! 'There were two orphans,' he said, 'and one—but I mustn't tell you what he said. You would think me terribly vain to be able to remember so much flattery.'

I was glad to be spared the recital, and did not press her to speak it.

"He spoke of you—summed you up so cleverly, darling. I was agitated, of course, by his praises of me, yet I couldn't help laughing at his description of you. He made you out a perfect fairy-witch—filled with a tremulous sensibility, which vibrated in your heart like the strings of a harp, and which emitted a quaint music whenever it was smitten, making you the possessor of a quite original sort of magic. There was praise! But he mustn't talk of you like this any more, or I shall be jealous. Then I could afford to listen to him. I did not mind his crowning you with a tiara when he had covered me with gems.

Her eyes in the dying light looked beautiful as she turned them upon me. I reflected on my own appearance compared to hers, and my secret heart acknowledged the right of nature to assert her nobler workmanship before her unattractive specimens.

"He must have got our previous history from George," I said.

"I dare say," she answered. "Oh, Maggie, how a few hours alters one's prospects! I was only wondering this morning whether fate would ever allow me to look over the edge of the small circle which it has drawn round us; and already am I placed on a pinnacle commanding a world-wide view."

I was at the base, seeing nothing, enveloped in sudden darkness, could have wept, but my pride held me tearless.

"Let us go down-stairs," she said, "and see if Aunt Emma has returned. I am anxious to speak to her, and want it to be over."

"I will follow you," I answered.

"Don't be long, dear Maggie. I shan't say a word about it until you are near me."

"I will help you by opening the subject myself."

"Do! do! You can say—"

"I shall know what to say," I said, quietly interrupting her.

It was growing imperative that I should be left alone. Tea would soon be ready. I desired solitude ere I could face the light. She gave me a long kiss and left the room. Once more I closed the door. I locked it. I shut the window.

Kneeling by the side of my bed, I buried my face in my hands, and cried. The hot tears scorched my cheeks, but they did me good. As they flowed, I felt the weight upon my heart lighten. The blow was sudden. Had my conviction of Major Rivers's regard for me been altered by time, had circumstances slowly unfolded the truth, endurance might have been easy. Resignation will gently slope the way when, like the glory of a summer dropping leaf by leaf from its green fullness, our hopes die by degrees, and admit us to the contemplation of decay before decay has fully come; but here had been the lightning-stroke, shattering at one fell gleam.

All secret love is desperate love. It is desperate, because it suffers itself to be fed by unratified convictions. I had fed my passion with hope, and inclination had transformed hope into reality. I had misled my heart by allowing every dream to fill it like a truth. But the end had come. I remember that I thought it a cruel issue to befall so trusting a dreamer.

I rose from my bed, and plunged my face into cold water to obliterate the traces of tears. The light had died out of the sky. I looked into the mirror, and apostrophized the darkling phantasm I witnessed in it.

I determined that my love should remain a buried secret, since it was not to be uprooted. I would endeavor to correct its bitterness by contemplating only my sister's happiness. I would struggle to merge my dreams fully into hers, that the total of two impassioned hearts might glorify one life.

"This," I said to myself, "shall be my occupation during the time Kate remains with me. A woman's sorrows can always be made a joy by dedicating its pangs to some noble end. I will make my suffering subservient to Kate's happiness. From the union of our different feelings I may hope, at least, solace for myself, if I cannot add to the happiness of my sister."

CHAPTER II.

TWENTY minutes had passed since Kate had left me. My aunt was a punctual woman. Tea, I knew, would be served at six; and as I felt in no temper to meet her frowns, I descended the stairs, and pushed open the parlor-door, as a timepiece on the chimney rang the hour.

My face was one that did not readily exhibit its grief. There was always a thoughtful expression upon it that might easily have passed for habitual melancholy. My eyelids were a little red along the lashes, but I did not fear detection in the solemn light of the well-shaded lamp in the centre of the table. A comfortable fire blazed in the hearth. It quickened the crimsoned-papered wall with dancing shadows, and gave animation to the features of the family portraits which faced each other from the opposite sides. They represented Mr. Gordon and his mother—the one dead fifteen, the other dead twenty-nine years. The tea-things whitened the table with a cheerful brilliancy, and filled the room with a sense of coziness, which was not to be diminished by the somewhat wintry aspect of the elderly woman who presided behind the blushing urn.

Mrs. Gordon was fifty. She had made her husband a good thrifty wife whilst he had lived, and still mourned his memory in a decent show of sombre apparel. A pair of small grey eyes indicated considerable shrewdness. Her nose was long and bleak; her lips thin and dry. She did not look her age. Time had been balked of its grasp by her leanness, and had found no sufficient footing. She was one of the most economically-made women that it ever entered the mind of man to conceive. Nature, in her conception of her, might have borrowed a hint from George Cruikshank in return for the innumerable hints he has borrowed from her. No superfluity, either of dress or bone, of ribbon or wrinkle, characterized her. Her thin hair was tightly curled near her brows, and her parting—there is nothing more suggestive of age than an old woman's parting—was made wider than occasion demanded by the scalp-like smoothness with which she bandolined down her hair. She was

them I never could guess. Yet it's better, perhaps, their fingers shouldn't help their thoughts, or mischief might happen."

"I'll go and call Kate," I said.

"Please keep where you are. If she wants her tea she'll come fast enough."

At that moment Kate entered the room. She gave me a meaning glance as our eyes met, and seated herself at the table. I could see that she was nervous. Yet there was a quiet smile full of triumph on her lips. I understood the delicious sense of coming independence that prompted it. My aunt, I saw, noticed the unusual expression upon her face at once.

"And where have you been this afternoon?" she asked.

"Indoors."

"Idling, of course?"

"Say you've been busy castle-building," said George.

Kate looked at me imploringly. My aunt peered at her over the spectacles she had put on to pour out the tea, and said: "I suppose you've been talking with your sister; cramming each other with the latest sentiment out of the last new novel. Well, you must do something to prove your existence. It's a poor clock that doesn't tick."

"Why, mother, what makes you so bitter to-night?" asked George. "You've been silent for the last hour, and now you burst out. You're like ale that turns sour through standing."

He usually defended us against his mother's tongue, and with impunity, if unavailingly, for he rarely provoked her reproof. For our parts we were like sheep—as helpless as stupid. We knew our dependence; we had easily guessed it, for our aunt, since her husband's death, had taken good care to make us feel it; and our sense of dependence had bred a submissiveness which had grown into a habit.

During the foregoing conversation I had caught George several times looking earnestly at me. I imagined he noticed my red eyes, and I purposely kept my face averted from him. I dreaded the strong outspoken question which I knew would come if he saw that I had been crying.

From the turn the conversation had taken, however, I thought it wisest to introduce the subject of Major Rivers's proposal at once, lest in a few minutes my aunt's growing irritability should altogether prohibit its discussion. I therefore said, with premeditated bluntness:

"The truth is, Aunt Emma, Major Rivers called here this afternoon and proposed to Kate. She accepted him."

George left his seat, and standing before the fireplace, fixed a gaze upon me of comical astonishment. My aunt was pouring out the tea, but as I spoke the process of the inversion of the teapot was instantly suspended. She looked first at me, then at Kate. She set the teapot tenderly on the tray, and looking round to me, said:

"What did you say?"

I repeated my remark.

"What! Rivers proposed to Kate!" ejaculated George. "Hooray!"

"George," said his mother, turning upon him, "I beg that you will keep silence. This is a very remarkable event to take place in the bosom of my family. It happens in an unexpected manner. I am unprepared for it. It must be discussed with the solemnity due to a crisis. Now," she exclaimed, stopping George, who was about to burst forth again, "not a word, do you hear? until the tea-things are removed. I will not be interrupted by my servant, and I should be sorry, very sorry, for so serious a subject to become the topic of my kitchen—at least it's back."

George fell back in his chair. Kate was very pale. Aunt Emma proceeded methodically in the distribution of the contents of the teapot, and we ate our bread-and-butter in silence. "Ring the bell, George," said Aunt Emma. The tea-things were removed, and after a short pause Aunt Emma broke silence:

"So Major Rivers has asked you to be his wife?"

"Yes," answered Kate in a low voice.

"And you have accepted him?"

"Yes."

"Do you love him?"

"Tell her to find out," said George.

"I ask the question," Aunt Emma went on, "because, before I can give my sanction to this match, I must first be satisfied in my mind that the conditions are such as are not likely to give my conscience as a guardian any trouble. Love's like an apple: when it is young, it is sour; it requires time to get ripe and sweet. How long have you loved Major Rivers?"

"Don't answer her," said George.

"I might know everything," said my aunt, "or she might without my consent."

"I don't know how long I've loved him," answered Kate, "but I know that we are very fond of each other."

"It is very abrupt, very abrupt," said my aunt, shaking her head. "If there was money concerned in the matter, I shouldn't think it was honest. Does he know you have no money?"

"I told him that, yes ago," said George.

"Because there are girls," continued my aunt, on whom George's interruptions fell and dissolved like snowflake on the hand, "who, in their eagerness to get married, will represent themselves as heiresses."

I felt the blood mantling my cheek. Kate sat silent, pale, with her eyes cast down.

"Let's have done with this cross-examination, mother," said George, leaving his chair. "You won't do much good to Kate's love by handling it in this manner. It's a pretty little butterfly. Don't rob it of its color, but give it sunshine."

"If it's no better than a butterfly, it's worthless," said Aunt Emma.

"That's Kate's business," remarked George. "I know I should be sorry to have my love, if I had any, pinned down, like you are pinning Kate's, on the cork of your criticism. Kate,

here's a kiss for you, and my heartiest congratulations."

"I tell you, George," exclaimed his mother, suppressing her vexation as she accosted her son, "that I will not allow this subject to be disposed of as if it were of no more moment than a marriage between my cook and the milkman. Kate is my niece, or rather I am her guardian. I must be thoroughly satisfied on many heads before I can give my sanction."

"I think you may rest satisfied with Major Rivers' love," I ventured to observe. "He is too thoughtful a man to misplace his affections."

"You are foolish, mother, to threaten Kate with your 'sanction,'" said George. "Sanctions nowadays are only heard of in novels."

"If Kate likes to act as a servant, she need not consult me for my sanction," remarked my aunt, freezing.

"Kate," I said, seeing the slow tears gathering in my sister's eyes, "will act like a lady, in whatever resolution she may form. You may be sure of that, aunt."

George smiled as he met the defiant gleam in my eye. Aunt Emma rose irritably from her chair, and jerked her lean figure upon a sofa.

"I wish to discuss this subject coolly," she said. "If I'm to be driven into a rage by it, I'll not say another word, good or bad."

I have noticed that when bad-tempered old women threaten silence, they merely wish you to prepare for greater volubility. My aunt proved no exception to what I have found a rule.

"I am perfectly well aware," she commenced, "that it is a fashion amongst the young ladies of the present day to set propriety at defiance. In my young days, decorum was a virtue to be cultivated. The consent of a parent or guardian to a marriage was looked upon as much more essential to conjugal happiness than the highest excellences of the bride or bridegroom. But I am prepared for any absurdity or folly from girls who have once read through a modern three-volumed novel."

"In your young days you had Monk Lewis to amuse you," said George. "His high standard of morality and his popularity were of course splendid guarantees of the domestic virtues of those unimpeachable times."

"You talk without knowing what you say, George," answered his mother, mildly. "When I speak of men, I do not include monkeys. The writers of my young days were not all Lewisies, any more than the inhabitants of Africa are all gorillas. But I say that people who have arrived at my time of life can place no reliance on young girls nowadays. There is no knowing what pernicious influence they are not allowing themselves to be affected by. And the men are quite as bad," she added, abruptly.

"Now for the men," said George.

"Fortune-hunters, the best of them!" continued Mrs. Gordon. "Wretched creatures, with no more brains in their heads than the clowns of a circus have—not so much, indeed; for the clowns do make some use of their heads—they stand on them."

I remained still and silent, watching Kate, who had dried her eyes, and ever and anon was casting nervous glances at her aunt.

"Of course I go into matters when marriage is the question," continued the elderly lady, who, a few minutes before, had threatened us with silence. "Major Rivers is honorable enough, I dare say. All men are, until you find them out. I have not a word to say against Major Rivers. The only thing I find fault with is his sex. I have no doubt that he is in love with Kate, to propose to her; but I do say it's sudden—very sudden. The less water there is in a kettle, the sooner does it begin to hiss; and I've noticed that the less love there is in a man, the quicker does he offer a girl marriage."

I saw George look at me. I met his glance, and felt puzzled at his expression.

"I am quite sure Major Rivers loves me," said Kate, timidly,

"What do you know about it?" exclaimed my aunt, with contemptuous snappishness. Love, indeed! What do girls know of love, in the present age? In my young days love meant happiness; now it means the Divorce Court! Modern girls are like cats; any fool can get them to purr by rubbing the right way."

"Well, aunt," I said, anxious to cut short the conversation; "we had better let matters rest until to-morrow. Major Rivers means to call upon you, and I have no doubt will satisfy every scruple you may have."

"Well said, Maggie!" exclaimed George, yawning. "The matter will keep, as the bill-discounter said to the nobleman. I'll play you a game of draughts, or beggar-my-neighbor" (this to me). "Which shall it be?"

"Draughts, if you like."

He fetched the board, and afterward, wheeling the old-fashioned work-box to the side of Aunt Emma, opened it, exclaiming, "There, mother, go on with my socks, like a dear good-natured old soul that you are, and don't allow trifles to upset you."

My aunt took up the work in silence, and George seated himself opposite to me. We commenced the game. Kate glided out of the room.

(To be continued.)

AN ECCENTRIC LADY.

Just ten years ago, there passed away from society, almost unnoticed, a Scotch lady who had made no little noise in her time. We allude to the beautiful Lady Charlotte C., daughter of the Duke of A—. In 1796 she married her namesake, "Handsome Jack" C., of the Guards. At that time the bride was, perhaps, unequaled for her beauty, and she was not shy in showing it. Indeed, after Lady Charlotte first went to court as a wife, Queen Charlotte sent her word that if she came there again she must first take a tuck or two out of her skirts. In Glasgow crowds used to follow this audacious beauty; and no wonder, for local historians say she would walk down the

most fashionable street in petticoats almost as short as a Highlander's kilt.

On one occasion, when thus lightly attired, and walking with a lady and young gentleman, the whole city seemed to gather about them, wondering, admiring and criticizing. Finding themselves mobbed, they took shelter in a shop, whose owner, further to protect them, put up the shutters and locked his door. Instead of dispersing, the mob increased. The shopkeeper, fearing an attack on his premises, by which his goods and his guests would alike suffer, jumped out of a back window and ran for the guard. A sergeant and three or four men were sent down and posted in front of the premises. Meanwhile Lady Charlotte C. followed the shopkeeper's example. She lightly leaped from the back window into an unfrequented lane, made her way into a decent house, told her story, sent for a coach and quietly rode to her inn unrecognized.

During this flight and escape the mob grew denser and more impatient. At length the shop door was opened. The tradesmen informed the people how Lady Charlotte had got away, and asked undisturbed passage for the young lady and gentleman who remained. This was granted, for there was nothing eccentric about the couple, who were civilly allowed to "gang their gait." The reigning beauty lived to a great age—between eighty and ninety. Age did not bring wisdom with it, if the story be true that when she was old she went to court in a dress every way as objectionable as that which, in her youth, she ruffled the plumes of Queen Charlotte's propriety. In her declining years she had not only lost the once handsome Jack, but his estates, too—Islay and Woodhall had gone to creditors. The old lady, however, married a clergyman named Bury, turned to literary pursuits, and, among other books, produced in 1839 the *Diary illustrative of the times of George IV*, which was edited by Galt.

"THE CURSE OF SCOTLAND."

The following reasons are given why the nine diamonds is called the "Curse of Scotland": In the distracted state of the country during the reign of Mary, a man, George Campbell by name, attempted to steal the crown out of Edinburgh Castle. In this he was unsuccessful, but managed to abstract nine valuable jewels, and escaped safely to a foreign shore. To replace these, a heavy tax was laid upon the country, which the poor, oppressed people thought so great a grievance that they termed it the curse of Scotland; and, until very recently, the card itself bore the name of George Campbell in the Highlands. Another explanation relates to the well-known massacre of Glencoe. The mandate of the cruel deed was signed by the eldest son of the Earl of Stair, who was at the same time Secretary of State of Scotland.

The coat-of-arms belonging to this family bears nine diamonds on its shield, and the people, not daring to stigmatize the master of Stair as the curse of Scotland, applied it to his armorial bearings. And still another explanation relates to the battle of Culloden, which extinguished the hopes of the Stuart party, and was, at the time, considered a national curse. The Duke of Cumberland, who was known to have been a gambler, is said to have carried a pack of cards in his pocket, and when he had won the famous field, he took out the nine of diamonds and wrote his account of the victory upon it.

A TURKISH BREAKFAST.

A TURKISH breakfast comprises about thirty dishes. Soon after the first dish comes lamb, roasted on the spit, which must never be wanting at any Turkish banquet. Then follow dishes of solid and liquid, sour and sweet, in the order of which a certain kind of recurring change is observed, to keep the appetite alive. The pilaf of boiled rice is always the concluding dish. The externals to such a feast as this are these: A great round plate of metal, with a plain edge of three feet in diameter, is placed on a low frame, and serves as a table, about which five or six people can repose on rugs. The left hand must remain invisible; it would be improper to expose it while eating. The right hand alone is permitted to be active. There are no plates, or knives, or forks. The table is decked with dishes, deep and shallow, covered and uncovered; these are continually being changed, so that little can be eaten from each. Some remain longer—as roast meat, cold milks, and gherkin, are often recurred to. Before you an attendant or slave kneels, with a metal basin in one hand, and a piece of soap on a little saucer in the other. Water is poured by him over the hands of the washer from a metal jug; over his arm hangs an elegantly embroidered napkin for drying the hands upon.

THE PALACE OF FONTAINEBLEAU.—The Palace of Fontainebleau was at a safe distance from the ravages of the insurgents, but was occupied during the siege by the Prussians. All the furniture, carpets and state beds, the Gobelin tapestry and embroidered satin panels of the walls, had been previously removed. Not a chair was left for Prince Frederick Charles. It was given out that they had been sent to Paris, but they had all been secreted at Fontainebleau. The carved wainscoting was protected by planks of wood, and suffered no injury; and the Galerie Henri II, with its gorgeous ceiling, carvings, gildings and paintings, after the glorious designs of Primaticcio, are all untouched. The historic carp of the lake, however, were not left unquisitected. After the soldiers had eaten some thousands of these venerated and venerable fish, the Prince forbade their being caught, and the old white specimens, said to be contemporaries of the Valois, who made the journey to Paris for the Exhibition of 1867, are still to be seen in high health, disputing with

the swans the pieces of bread thrown to them, as vigorously as their younger brethren. The furniture and works of art are being reinstated in the palace, and soon all will be again in its place, leaving no trace of occupation by the invader.

PERSONAL AND GENERAL.

GOVERNORS' Messages are now in order.

THE Prince of Wales is convalescent, and has been out driving.

NAPOLEON will shortly publish a book on the military system of France.

THE Prince of Wales says he won't drink any more. Such conduct avails much.

SONG of the poor car-horse in stormy weather: "A heart bowed down by weight of who?"

THERE are five thousand one hundred and nine postmasters in this country, whose salaries are at least two hundred dollars each.

RUSSIA has only 10,000 doctors, which is one to 7,182 people. In some districts there is no physician within less than a day's journey.

It is said that in Paris alone there are three hundred thousand children between the ages of seven and thirteen who go to no school.

ARCHBISHOP McCLOSKEY claims that 20,000 Mussulmans were converted by the Roman Catholic Church last year.

PRINCE FREDERIC CHARLES is going to Italy to survey the historic battle-fields of that country, especially Custoza.

BISHOP DUPANLOUP has resigned from the French Academy because M. Littré was elected a member. One of the amenities of literature.

MR. DE LONG, our Minister to Japan, is soon to have a leave of absence, when he will return home.

A SON of Dombrowsky, the Communist, now carries on his war against society as a dancing-master at Christians, Norway.

JOHN J. PIATT, the poet, has been appointed Librarian of the United States House of Representatives.

JUDGE LAKE, of San Francisco, has been fined \$300 for tickling a reporter with his little pistol. Of this, \$50 was for the assault, and \$250 for being a judge.

THEY freeze milk in split sections of stove-pipe in Colorado, cord it on sledges, and sell it by the yard.

KING LOUIS, of Bavaria, broke his matrimonial engagement with his cousin because she ate prunes. Such a lover isn't worth a fig.

THE Cincinnati *Commercial*, with wonderfully accurate characterization, speaks of George Francis Train as a "peripatetic gong."

A SWEET-SCENTED rumor obtains that the adhesive matter on the postage-stamps is hereafter to be flavored with vanilla for ones, wintergreen for twos, and chocolate for threes, etc.

MISS MARY C. SPENCER is again a candidate for the office of Engrossing Clerk to the Iowa Senate. She has gone to Des Moines to dispense sweetest smiles among the Senators.

IT is stated that thirty-seven ladies have applied for positions in the Iowa Legislature. The only way to accommodate them all is to depose that tyrannical masculine element.

BOTT, the murderer of "Pet" Halsted, will be hanged on the 26th instant, the Court of Pardon refusing to interfere. He has recently confessed that the woman Wilson is his wife.

THE remains of Fitz Hugh Ludlow, the well-known writer, who died in Geneva, Switzerland, in September of 1870, were taken to Poughkeepsie, N. Y., for burial, January 10th.

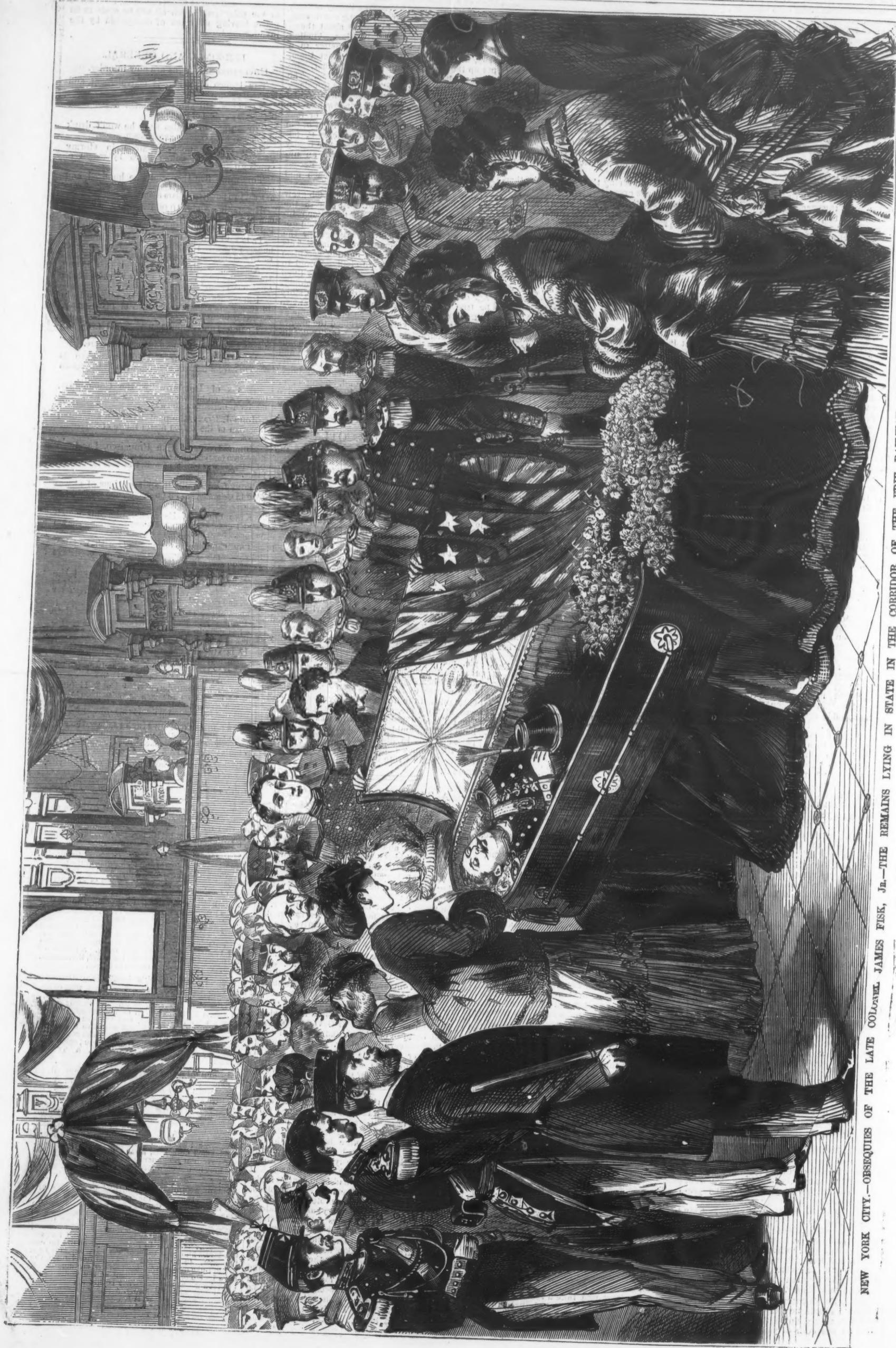
MISS KANE of Baltimore, set out to write a list of the wrongs of women, but found so many of them that she was driven to the conclusion that women suffer a wrong by being born at all. This disposed of the whole question in a nutshell.

BRIGHAM YOUNG is represented to be in the joilest possible humor, notwithstanding his approaching trial for murder. He says he has no anxiety whatever as to the result, and his confidence seems to be shared by the leading Mormons.

MR. CHARLES HALE, of Boston, formerly Consul-General to Egypt and also editor of the Boston *Advertiser*, has been appointed by the President Assistant Secretary of State, in place of J. Bancroft Davis, resigned.

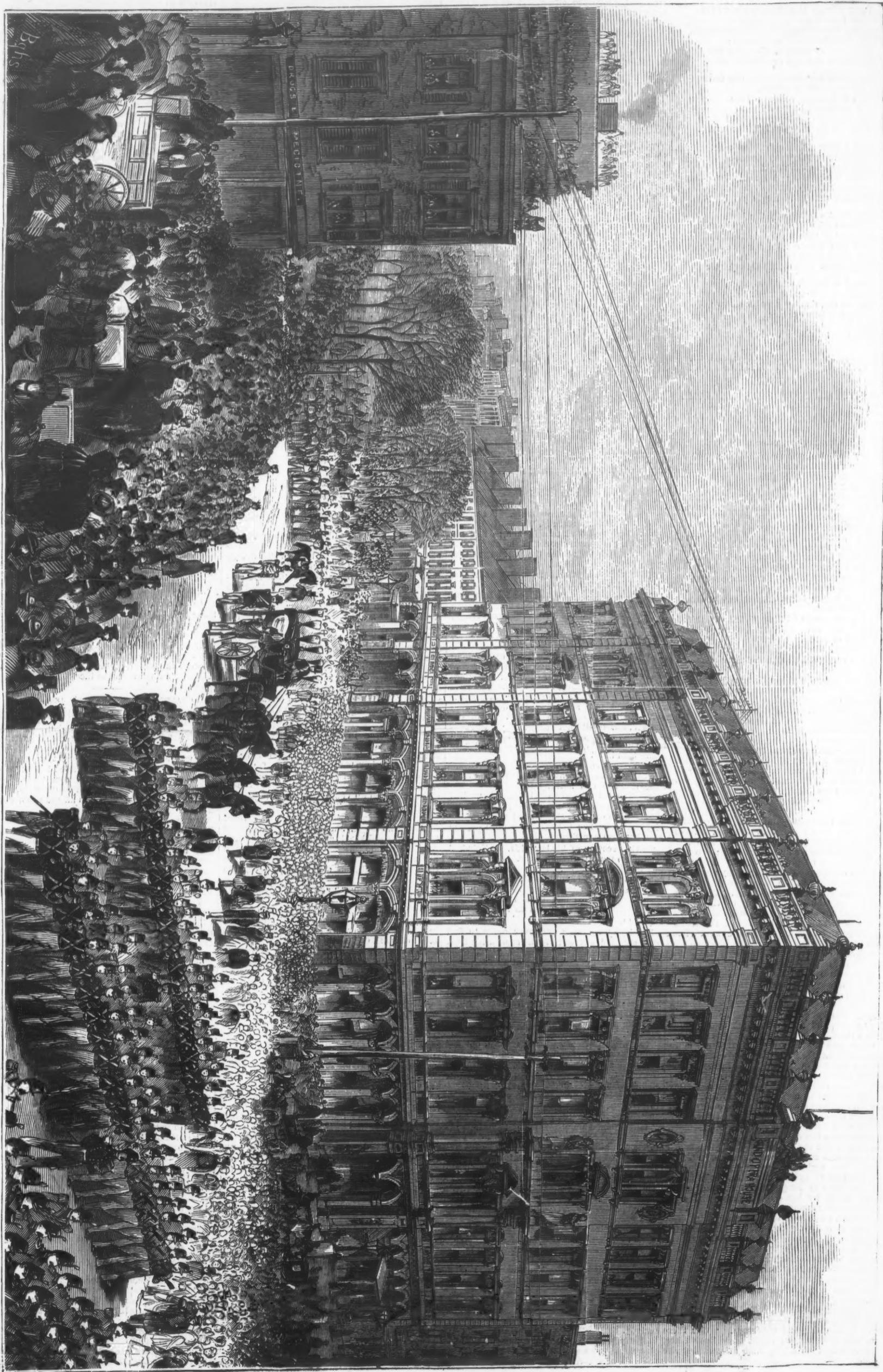
JACOB PHINNEY, a participant in the battle of Lake Erie, under Commodore Perry, died at Somers, Pa., on the 26th ultimo, aged 83 years. Mr. Phinney served on board the *Niagara*, under command of Captain Elliott, and was one of the only three persons on the vessel who came out unharmed. The other two were a brother and uncle. All three of these men were almost gigantic in stature, the shortest measuring six feet three inches in height.

AMONG Janauschek's jewels is a diamond ring valued at \$18,000; a diamond cross, with chain, \$15,000, presented by the Emperor of Russia; diamond ear-rings from the King of Holland, \$2,200; rubies and pearls from the Queen of Wurtemberg, \$7,000; locket set with diamonds, very valuable; bracelets from the King of Bavaria, set with four diamonds, \$10,000; diamond cross from an American gentleman, \$8,000; emeralds from the King of Greece; carbuncles, diamonds, ear-rings and locket from a Turkish Minister.



NEW YORK CITY.—OBSEQUIES OF THE LATE COLONEL JAMES FISK, JR.—THE REMAINS LYING IN STATE IN THE CORRIDOR OF THE ERIE RAILWAY OFFICES IN THE GRAND OPERA HOUSE.—SEE PAGE 315.

NEW YORK CITY.—OBSEQUES OF THE LATE COLONEL JAMES FISK, JR.—THE FUNERAL PROCESSION LEAVING THE GRAND OPERA HOUSE, CORNER OF EIGHTH AVENUE AND TWENTY-THIRD STREET.—See Page 316.



DOUBT? NEVER!

THEY tell me that thou art not such
As I have always thought;
That I have worshiped thee too much,
Not judged thee as I ought;
That love is blind, and cannot see
Specks in the sun or fault in thee.

They said that many bend the knee
To idols falsely bright,
And so I might adore in thee
A spirit not of light;
That reason's scale alone could show
What all my love could never know.

That I must nothing hold as true,
Until its truth was proved,
And give examination due
And doubt before I loved,
And after that continue still
To think that good might yet be ill.

But doubt expireth in the birth
Where faith hath once been given,
Whether of thee I love on earth,
Or Him who reigns in heaven;
'Tis not a lover who can dare
To question where he offers prayer

No! I will look on thee alone,
Although it make me blind,
Not on the shadow that is thrown
Upon a baser mind;
For earthly waters troubled are,
And break in pieces every star.

THE WHITE SPECTRE

THE MYSTERIES OF INGESTRE HALL.

BY REED WINWOOD.

CHAPTER XXX.—FLIGHT.

BETTY hesitated. It would not be a pleasant subject to recall the story of the years that had brought their burdens of pain and sorrow such a very long time before. But, with Madeline's hand stealing into her own, and her gentle eyes uplifted in a wistful look, she had not the heart to refuse.

"It isn't much that I have to tell," said she, finally; "at least it can be put into a very few words. But, to make my story perfectly comprehensible, I must revert to a time that long preceded my coming to Ingestre Place."

"Tell me everything you feel disposed to."

Betty remained silent many minutes. When at last she began her recital, it was in a very low tone of voice.

"I did not always fill the position of a hired servant," said she. "My father was a well-to-do farmer of Lincolnshire, England. He sent me to school, where I acquired what was considered a very good education for the time and place.

"At the age of eighteen I married a handsome, good-for-nothing fellow, who had come down to our neighborhood for a month's gunning and fishing. My father opposed the match, for he foresaw that sorrow would be the inevitable result of such an alliance. But I was headstrong in those days, and married the man of my choice in spite of him.

"All went well enough for a few months. Then I discovered that my hero was made of very common clay indeed. He was wholly unprincipled, a gambler and a *routé*. He plunged into every species of dissipation, and I soon had reason to know that he was associated with some of the most disreputable desperadoes and pickpockets to be found in the purloin of York, in which city we had made our home.

"The life I led for five years and more was too horrible to be given in detail. My father had died during the third year of my marriage, and to the surprise of all, his affairs were found to be in an irretrievable confusion. He left me nothing. My husband had, up to this time, considered me an heiress in a small way. His rage was terrible when he learned the truth. He cursed and beat me as if he thought I had done him an intentional injury.

"Two children were born to us, a boy and a girl. But I hated the mere sight of their innocent faces. My whole nature had changed during these years in which I had been the associate of criminals and the wife of a villain. I had grown hardened and reckless. My self-respect was gone. My troubles had made a devil of me, and I took to drink that I might drown them.

"The man I had married treated me more and more like a brute. Often and often have I carried for weeks together the traces of the blows he dealt me. At last he oppressed me beyond all endurance. There was a stormy scene between us, and I fled for my life, taking our two children with me. I have never set eyes on my husband's face since that day.

"We left York. With my children I tramped up and down the country for weeks, subsisting on charity and the little money I had managed to bring with me. We made our bed in a haystack, one night. There was a fair in the neighboring village where we had been loitering all the day long. I had been drinking freely when we lay down to rest, and must have slept very soundly.

"When I awoke the next morning, my little boy sat by me, weeping bitterly. My baby, my Laurette, was gone. She had been stolen in the night, probably by somebody who had noticed her at the fair and followed us. I was too wretched and hardened to care very much. I had never given her a mother's love, and she had been a great inconvenience to me in traveling."

Madeline shuddered. To her there was something awful in the woman's unmoved manner of narrating her sufferings. "Was there no way by which you might have known her, had you met her a long time afterward?" she asked.

"Yes. The letter 'B' was branded on her arm, just above the elbow. It was the first letter of my husband's name, and he had a whim to mark both the children in that way.

"Well, after Laurette was stolen, I went to London. I might have found situations in plenty where it was possible to earn a decent livelihood, but for my boy. He was several years older than Laurette, and I clung to him more fondly. But at last I made up my mind to get rid of him, since he was so much in the way. It was the folly of the moment that had caused me to encumber myself with the children at all in my flight, for, as I said before, I had never felt a mother's yearning love for them.

"I left the boy at one of the hospital gates, early one morning, and ran away before anybody discovered me. But I learned afterward that he was taken in and kindly treated.

"All this was nearly forty years ago, remember. I remained in London four years; then I came to America. I was a hardened sinner in those days. I went from bad to worse—lived such a life as I should blush to explain to you. The prison and the reformatory were the natural sequence.

"It was here, at the reformatory, that your mother saw me. I told her my story. She pitied me, and showed her interest by helping to make a better woman of me. Ah, she was one of God's good angels. When I was free, she did not turn the cold shoulder on me like the rest of the world, but took me to Ingestre Place, determined that I should have a chance to redeem myself. She reasoned with me, and took pains to soften my hard heart. Do you wonder that I cherish her memory with such lasting affection?"

"And yet—" Madeline did not finish the reproach that was on her lips. It seemed cruel to express any doubt of her perfect fidelity.

"I was away from Ingestre Place when my mistress was driven to suicide by the cruelty of her false friends," Betty resumed, the old sternness coming into her face again. "Otherwise, it should never have happened. I could have prevented it, and would, at whatever cost to myself."

"Who were her false friends?"

"Don't ask me," shivering as with a sudden chill; "I can tell you no more. Perhaps I have said too much already."

Madeline went back to a former part of the narrative, being convinced that the old woman did not intend to give her the particulars that led to her mother's death.

"The children you abandoned," said she, "did you never see them again?"

"I did not know where to look for Laurette. My boy I never wholly lost sight of. I've seen him—oh, yes!" and she gave vent to a strange, harsh laugh. "I see him often. There, there, don't ask me anything more. I can't answer, I won't answer!"

At this moment a hurried step came along the passage. Betty looked frightened, and suddenly tore herself clear of Madeline's clinging hold. "Take care," she whispered. "They mustn't suspect me of sympathizing with you!"

She went out, slamming the door behind her. Madeline heard Le Noir's voice in the passage, but he did not come in. "I can't do anything to bring the girl round," Betty said to him in a loud voice. "It's of no use to argue with her."

Then they went away.

This conversation with Betty convinced Madeline that she had nothing to hope from her help. The old woman would gladly have had her escape, but for some reason, that she did not see fit to explain, she dared not proffer the slightest assistance herself. She must depend upon her own exertions.

On the occasion of his last visit, Le Noir had been more persistent than ever. His patience was nearly exhausted. He had even thrown out hints that he should resort to compulsion unless she was soon ready to yield to his wishes. Assistance might not come in season to her. Therefore, what was to be done must be done quickly.

She had tried over and over again to find some means of egress from the room aside from the door, which was always kept securely locked and bolted. The windows were not to be thought of. They were too high from the ground; besides, the iron bars resisted her utmost efforts to remove them. There might be secret passages leading from the room. She had heard of such things. She determined to make a last desperate attempt to discover something of the sort.

The walls looked perfectly smooth, but she sounded them here and there, searching above and below for some crevice, some trifling irregularity that would seem to admit the possibility of a secret door. After an investigation that lasted for hours, she was compelled to give up the quest, no better off than when she had begun.

With dogged persistency, she next drew out her pallet-bed from its corner. A little loose straw was scattered on the floor where it had lain. She had begun to collect this in a pile, when her hand suddenly came in contact with an iron ring. Inserting three of her fingers, she pulled at the ring with all her strength. Something yielded. A portion of the floor came up, revealing a small opening about three feet square.

Madeline leaned over the opening and looked below. She saw an apartment similar to the one she was then in. It was empty, and seemed to have been long disused. There was no reason why it should be kept locked. It might be possible to escape by means of it!

The mere thought made her dizzy. She dropped the trap-door, dragged back her bed, placing everything as she had found it. Then she sat down, and attempted to lay her plans calmly.

Betty brought up some supper at the usual hour. But she seemed unwilling to see Madeline, for she merely thrust the tray inside the

door, and went away without entering the room.

Madeline waited longer on this occasion than she had waited before. Her plans were more carefully laid. She comprehended fully the obstacle which the wall surrounding the garden presented, and had prepared herself to meet it by cutting her shawl in strips, and making a short rope of them that would assist her in scaling the wall.

At last it seemed late enough to begin operations. She knotted the rope about her waist, so that it need not discommode her movements. In silence she removed her bed, in silence she lifted the trap-door. Crawling on her hands and knees, she caught firmly hold of the projecting boards of the opening, and swung herself into the space below.

For a moment she hesitated; her heart beat fast. Then she sprung lightly to the floor of the lower room, a distance of four or five feet. The jarring noise thus made sounded almost deafening to her ears. She held her breath to listen. No movement was made. She knew that this part of the building was remote from everybody. Very likely the sound had not been heard at all.

At last she gathered courage to go on. She reached the door and laid her hand on the knob. Oh, joy! it yielded readily to her touch. She passed through, and found herself in a passage that led to the grand staircase.

She groped her way to the stairs, and descended to the lower hall. At this instant her quick eye caught the glimmer of a light. She darted forward a few steps, and crouched upon the floor, panting and trembling. Somebody came out of one of the side apartments and steadily approached her.

It was Major Le Noir. He carried a candle in one hand. He looked dull and stupid, and went shuffling along in a manner very unlike his usual springy step. He turned just in season to avoid Madeline, set his foot on the stairs and went slowly up them without having discovered anything amiss.

Madeline breathed more freely. She waited quietly until the echo of his footsteps died away. Then she darted to the outer door. It was locked, but the key was in the lock. She turned it noiselessly; noiselessly she opened the door and passed through. At last, God be praised, she was free!

The dog-kennel stood near the steps. She gave it a wide berth, half expecting to see the bloodhound spring out at her, despite Betty's assurance that he had been removed.

This time she determined to take the carriage-road leading directly to the gate. She found it, though nearly obliterated by weeds, and walked on with a wildly throbbing heart. At the end of a few rods she came to a sudden stand-still. She heard footsteps.

She darted into the thick bushes beside the path, and remained quiet. After a few moments somebody stole past her through the dusk, evidently stepping with extreme caution. It was a woman's figure, but she could not see the face. Who was it? Betty? If so, where could she have been at that hour of the night, and why was she coming back in this stealthy manner?

The woman, whoever she might be, glided by, and disappeared in the darkness. Madeline waited so long as she could distinguish the faintest echo of her footsteps. Then she rose up and resumed her flight. Thus far there were no signs of discovery or pursuit. She reached the gate at last, a ponderous affair, by means of which all vehicles obtained ingress to the grounds.

Here she threw aside the extempore rope; for it was no longer needed; the gate, strange to say, was unlocked, and stood on the swing. At another time this fact might have surprised her very much; now she did not pause to think of it at all, but dashed on, gaining the road at last.

This road ran north and south. Which way should she go? The country was strange to her. She knew not in which direction lay the nearest village, or where to look for a farmhouse. She was a mere puppet of chance, and could only ask God to direct her footsteps.

Her decision was soon made. She turned to the north, and walked on swiftly. At times she would tarry a moment to listen. All was still save the sighing of the wind among the trees. Overhead swung the purple arch of stars. Around her was the solemn hush of night.

On and on she went until she grew weak and weary. Hope brightened in her bosom with every step she took. At last a rumble of wheels arose in the distance. It came nearer, approaching from the direction in which she was going. Her enemies would come from the opposite way. She made a desperate resolve of appealing to the occupants of the carriage.

It held two. She saw this much, and staggered to the side of the road, waiting there. "Hold!" cried she, faintly, when the carriage came opposite her.

"Who are you?" said a familiar voice.

Madeline's heart gave a great bound. She strained her eyes, attempting to penetrate the dark. "Friends," said she, putting back the sudden hope that seemed such madness, "I beseech your help. I am fleeing from wretches who seek to do me harm."

There was a cry of amazement and delight. "It is Madeline, herself!"

This time it was assuredly Philip Lennox's voice. He bounded from the carriage and caught her to his heart. He rained passionate kisses upon her lips and cheeks.

"God be thanked, my darling," he said. "I was coming for you, and have found you here, safe and well."

"Who is with you?" she asked.

There was no need to answer. She felt her hand eagerly seized, and a teardrop or two fell upon her brow. It was Walter Marston who leaned over her.

"My prayers are answered," he murmured in a broken voice. "We have found you once

again. You are saved from the clutches of the villain who would have betrayed you."

She ardently returned his embrace. She had learned to feel a strange affection for this man. Her joy at meeting with him was beyond all words. It seemed so unaccountable that he and Philip should be there to help her on to safety just at the moment when she stood in such need of their help.

"I am happy," she whispered, giving a hand to him and one to Philip.

They had great many questions to ask. She briefly told them where she had been detained as a prisoner and how she had effected her escape. When the story was ended, she said, eagerly:

"And now you will tell me how you happened to be here?"

It was Mr. Marston who answered. "Your stepmother told a pitiful story about your being mad, and all that. Of course we did not believe it. We suspected that Le Noir might be concerned in your sudden disappearance. We tried vainly to learn whether they had taken you. Last night I fell in with a desperate character, who styles himself Herr Obenreizer. He does Le Noir's dirty work, as the saying goes. It occurred to me that he might have been employed in this case. The man was under obligations to me, and I got the whole story out of him. He had been sharp enough to play a double game, in which Mrs. Ingestre had been thoroughly hoodwinked. But more of that anon. Knowing I would pay him well for betraying his employer, he gave me the most explicit directions for finding the old building where you were imprisoned. I hunted up Lennox, and we set off without waiting for the morning."

Madeline warmly pressed his hand. "You were very good," she said. "I was quite worn out walking. I know not what I should have done without you."

Her head dropped upon his breast. She was leaning there in supreme happiness, when a sharp cry from Philip aroused her.

"Look!" he exclaimed, pointing in the direction from which she had come. "What is that light?"

She raised her head. "The asylum is on fire!" she cried, with a thrill of fear and wonder.

Marston and Lennox looked at each other. "This is very odd," said the former. "Something has happened. Shall we drive on to the burning building?"

Philip hesitated. "Will it be perfectly safe—safe for Madeline, I mean?"

"You are armed?"

"Yes."

"So am I. Madeline is with us. I think there is nothing to fear. They cannot tear her from us."

"We will go, then."

Madeline said nothing. But she thought of the figure she had seen creeping so stealthily through the shrubbery in the asylum grounds. Had that woman been the incendiary?

CHAPTER XXX.—A WOMAN'S JEALOUSY.

HOW, MEANWHILE, had the days of Madeline's imprisonment passed at Ingestre Place?

to have her hated stepdaughter safely out of the way, to inquire too closely concerning her whereabouts. She could not doubt but that Herr Obenreizer had abducted her according to the agreement made between them. She did not see him to ask the direct question, but Madeline's disappearance was all the proof she wanted.

It was not quite so easy to account for old Betty's continued absence. The servants knew nothing of her movements, neither could any clue be discovered by which she might be traced. Perhaps she had wandered away, and some accident befallen her. Amiable Mrs. Ingestre almost hoped that such was the case, for she was half afraid of the old woman.

Two or three days went by in which no new facts came to light. Mrs. Ingestre inwardly congratulated herself on getting rid of her stepdaughter so easily. She and Alicia discussed the subject with considerable animation.

"The hundred dollars I paid Herr Obenreizer was well expended," she said. "I would have given ten times that sum for having the dazed-faced baby put out of the way."

"She may escape, and return at any moment," suggested Alicia.

"Humph! No fear of that. And if she does, we will attempt to have her taken to a *bona fide* madhouse."

"I wish she was in one now."

"So do I. But it would be very difficult to get her there. Herr Obenreizer will keep her quiet enough so long as he is well paid, though, and I shall take good care he does not want for money."

"You have not seen him since that night. Are you sure he was her abductor?"

"Certainly."

"How did he get into the house, find Madeline, and get out again with her, without being seen or heard?"

"I don't know. These hired ruffians become very expert in their business. They can do the most audacious things without being detected. I am not surprised."

Alicia was not wholly content with this answer, but she dismissed the subject. "I wonder why Philip Lennox keeps away of late," said she, suddenly. "He might be brought to a proposal, now that Madeline no longer stands in the way."

Mrs. Ingestre arched her brows.

"Are you determined to marry that man, Alicia? Only think of the mystery concerning his parentage! He is most likely of doubtful birth."

"I don't care," cried Alicia, with an impulsive stamp of her foot. "I love him. Madeline shall never win him away from me. If he were only a beggar, I would still cling to him."

"Very well," returned Mrs. Ingestre, shrugging her shoulders. "I shall not oppose you." She had nothing to oppose, for day after day went by, and Philip Lennox did not make his appearance. Alicia watched and waited all in vain for the coming of her lover.

Major Le Noir was absent much of the time. His journeys all seemed to be taken to the same place, wherever that might be. Mrs. Ingestre could not long remain ignorant of a fact of this nature. It surprised her. She finally questioned him, and he made the cause of important business engagements. The excuse did not satisfy her. She wondered, too, why he had taken Madeline's disappearance so coolly. Had she been mistaken in thinking him infatuated with the girl?

So matters went on for a time, but a change was near at hand.

Mrs. Ingestre opened her jewel-box, one morning, for a pearl-brooch. A folded bit of paper, addressed to herself, lay on the velvet cushions. She hastily took it up, uttering an irrepressible cry of amazement. Within were a few penciled lines, that ran thus:

"Mrs. Ingestre ought to be aware that Gustave Le Noir is one of the most faithless and unreliable men in existence. Would she not do well to find out what he knows of Miss Madeline's present whereabouts?"

"THE WHITE SPECTRE."

There was no mistaking the insinuation contained in these lines. Mrs. Ingestre read them over and over again. She forgot to be surprised at finding them in her jewel-box, forgot to be alarmed at the ghostly term in which they were signed. A jealous fury took possession of her. She loved the major as well as she was capable of loving anybody. She had sinned grievously for his sake. The thought of treachery on his part was almost insupportable.

She walked the floor in a paroxysm of ungovernable rage. Her blue eyes blazed, her nostrils dilated, her cheeks became ashen pale. She tore savagely at the paper until scarcely a fragment was left of it.

"Good God!" she shrieked, in accents of bitter grief, "has Gustave deceived me? Is he playing a double game? Impossible! I will not believe it!"

Up and down the room she paced, up and down, her eyes burning like two coals, and foam flecking her beautiful lips.

"That doll-faced baby!" she hissed, through set teeth. "I've hated her from the first; I hate her now with tenfold intensity. Oh, but it shall go hard with her if she comes between me and the man I love! My vengeance will be sudden and terrible!"

She grew more composed, at last, and tried to think calmly of the letter. Perhaps it had been written by some enemy, on purpose to set her against Le Noir. Then she remembered those unexplained absences; the business that took Gustave away so frequently might be all a pretense, and he really went to see her younger and fairer rival.

The thought was maddening, and yet it would suggest itself. Herr Obenreizer had betrayed her to Le Noir, perhaps—The two seemed to be on very good terms with each other. He had really abducted Madeline, but only to direct Le Noir to her place of imprisonment.

She remembered that Herr Obenreizer had spoken of an abandoned asylum to which he intended to take the girl. She now bitterly regretted that she had not learned the location of that asylum, since she could then have gone to it, and thus found out for herself whether Le Noir was imposing upon her or not, in which case no one need have been the wiser, if she kept her own counsel.

The major was away that morning. Her first idea was to find Herr Obenreizer and boldly charge him with treachery. She ordered the carriage and drove over to Silverlea, making inquiries for him at Thatcher's Inn. He had not been there for several days, and nobody could give her any information concerning him.

She returned home, baffled and out of spirits. Late in the afternoon, Le Noir made his appearance. She had time to mature her plans, and now greeted him as cordially as ever. While he sat at lunch in the cool dining-room, she said to him, in her most insinuating manner:

"My dear Gustave, what is the use of delaying matters so far as we are concerned? We might be married to-morrow as well as six months hence."

The major started up, surprised out of his insolent coolness for the once. Some moments elapsed before he regained sufficient composure to reply.

"It wouldn't answer," said he, sweetly. "People would talk, my love. We must wait until the year of mourning has expired, though, to be sure, it will be terribly unpleasant."

She gave him a piercing look.

"I had reference to a private marriage. There could be no possible objection to that. Of course we should keep our own secret."

Le Noir pulled his blonde mustache uneasily. Mrs. Ingestre's tone was deliberate enough, but there was a shifting, furtive expression in her eyes that puzzled him. Could it be that she suspected anything?

"Your idea isn't a bad one," said he, after a moment's thinking. "But a little delay—three or four weeks, or such a matter—would hurt nothing."

Within three or four weeks he hoped to bring Madeline to terms, and thus win a younger and prettier woman than his "dear Lydia."

Mrs. Ingestre had a jealous suspicion of the thought that was in his mind. She leaned nearer, controlling herself by a visible effort; she looked him steadily in the face.

"Of course you intend to make me your wife!" cried she, with sudden and almost angry emphasis.

Le Noir started, and turned pale. "To be sure," answered he, with a forced laugh. "What put any other thought into your head? I imagined there was a perfect understanding in regard to that matter. We have plotted and schemed so much together, that it would be dangerous for me to think of loving any other woman."

"Yes, it would be dangerous," returned she, in a low, deep voice.

"But you are my choice, Lydia. No other woman could ever take your place in my affections. To be frank, I loved you years ago, when I was plotting to marry you to Wales Ingestre. But my own prospects were very dubious at the time, and I was unselfish enough to hold my tongue."

He smiled brightly upon her, raising her hand to his lips with all the ardor of a youthful lover. But there was a hollow insincerity in his words which the jealous woman was shrewd enough to detect.

However, she controlled herself so long as they were together. When the major finally arose and left the room, she glanced after him with a lowering brow.

"The writer of that letter was better posted than I supposed," she muttered. "Gustave does know where Madeline is. If I can read his motives aright, he intends to marry her, take possession of Ingestre Place in her name, and so leave Alicia and me to shift for ourselves. But," she added, with an evil look, "since he meditates treachery, he will find that two can play at that game."

Strange to tell, her venomous anger was not aroused against Le Noir by what she had discovered, but against Madeline. "That girl must be put out of the way more effectually a second time," she hissed. "I could murder her! I'll do it, too, before I'll give up Gustave. Nothing but her death will bring him back to me now."

She sat and meditated. Herr Obenreizer could not be found, to tell her where Madeline was kept a captive. She must find out, by watching Le Noir when he paid his next visit to her. He must be followed. But who would do it, and keep her secret faithfully? She could not very well follow him herself. It would be necessary to employ a third person.

Finally, she thought of Pete, the servant-boy.

He was clever and secretive, and had no scruples to stand in the way. She could depend on his faithfulness and assiduity, and only a little money would be necessary to bind him to her interests. He was just the person for the emergency.

(To be continued.)

THE LATE COLONEL JAMES FISK, JR.

The funeral obsequies of the late Colonel James Fisk, Jr., on Monday, January 8th, attracted to the Grand Opera House an extremely large congregation of citizens. For hours before the remains were removed from the residence of the deceased, the vicinity of Twenty-third Street and Eighth Avenue gave indication of intense excitement. The horse-cars and stages poured forth great crowds to swell the mass, while the by-streets were filled with ladies, gentlemen and children; every one was eager to obtain a last view of the remarkable man.

The family and immediate friends of the deceased parted with the remains at the house, after which the coroner's jury took a hasty official view.

The casket was of rosewood, polished to the highest degree. The sides were straight, and along their entire length were heavy handles mounted with gold. At each end of the casket was a similar short handle. The lid was oval-shaped and raised the entire length of the casket. The inside of it was trimmed with white satin gathered into narrow folds and fastened at the centre with a white satin button. In the centre of the lid was the plate. It was square in shape and made of solid silver. Upon it, neatly engraved, were the following words:

JAMES FISK, JR.
DIED, JANUARY 7, 1872,
AGED 37 YEARS.

The interior of the casket was also lined with white satin, gathered into narrow plait and finished at the upper edge with a narrow silk fringe.

The remains appeared extremely natural, the broad, genial face wearing a placid look, as if the deceased had suffered no pain. The body was dressed in the handsome full dress regimental uniform; the hands were incased with white kid gloves, one holding the cap. The colonel's sabre was placed at his side, the sash encircling his waist. The foot of the coffin was filled with *immortelles*.

By the time the remains were transferred to the Grand Opera House, there were in the neighborhood fully twenty thousand people.

The vestibule of the Erie Railroad, on the second floor, was decorated in a tasteful manner for the lying-in-state. In the centre, on the marble floor, a bier was arranged, covered with a black velvet pall, trimmed with silver lace. The chandeliers were draped with mourning badges in black and white, and from them depended other emblems, which extended to the side galleries, forming crosses over the centre of the hall, where the body rested. The side galleries were covered with drapery in semi-circular folds, interwoven with rosettes of white and black. On the east gallery was hung a splendid portrait of the deceased in his full uniform as Colonel of the Ninth. Around it were fixed three United States flags and the colors of the regiment, on which were engraved the names of the battles in which the regiment had distinguished itself. In the private offices of the late Vice-President and of Jay Gould the same sombre trappings of woe were every-

where conspicuous. The desk which Mr. Fisk used when alive was festooned with drapery and bouquets of flowers, which had been sent by his friends for the purpose. His chair was placed opposite the desk, almost completely hidden from view by the mourning pall thrown over it.

The officials of the Erie Railroad and those of the Narragansett Steamship Company were present in large numbers, wearing mourning badges of crape upon the left arm. The officers and men of the Ninth Regiment, in particular, were remarkable for the settled gloom of their features, and in speaking of him touching expressions of tenderness and attachment were freely indulged in. At half-past eleven o'clock, a force of police being ranged on either side of the vestibule, the remains were brought in and lain upon the bier. All heads were uncovered, and handkerchiefs were seen in profusion in the group about the casket, and that which viewed the sad ceremony from the galleries. The spectators within the building, consisting of officers of the Ninth Regiment and the various corporations with which Colonel Fisk was identified, ladies employed in the Grand Opera House, and members of the Press, then formed in a single line and passed by the body.

The side-doors were thrown open, and the vast crowd that had been standing for hours in the biting air began passing in, to view the remains.

When one o'clock came, it was evident that one-half of the crowd could not gain admittance, and as the funeral procession was to proceed at two, orders were given to close the doors and admit none but those who were actually present until the funeral services had been concluded.

Amid a solemn silence Mr. Flagg, the chaplain of the Ninth, took his place at the head of the bier and proceeded to read the funeral services of the Episcopal Church. As the sublime words, "I am the resurrection and the life, saith the Lord," were being uttered, the scene was particularly affecting, and many wept aloud. While the service was proceeding, Mrs. Fisk and the mother and sister of the deceased, in deep mourning, entered, weeping, and seats were provided for them beside those which had been arranged for the Erie directors. When the service was concluded, Mrs. Fisk advanced to the coffin and tenderly kissed the lips of the dead man, as did also his mother and sister.

The Ninth Regiment then filed past, headed by its famous band, which owed its existence to the munificence of the deceased.

Precisely at two o'clock the pall-bearers—Colonel Emmons Clark, Seventh Regiment; Colonel George D. Scott, Eighth Regiment; Colonel William B. Allen, Fifty-fifth Regiment; Colonel Frank Sterry, Sixth Regiment; Colonel Josiah Porter, Twenty-second Regiment; Lieutenant-Colonel A. P. Webster, First Regiment—took charge of the body, and it was slowly raised, and then the procession started for the hearse. The veterans of the Ninth were placed immediately in the rear of the coffin, descending the staircase and on the way to the hearse. When the coffin appeared in sight of the spectators on the street, the solemn strains of the "Dead March in Saul" were commenced by the band on the sidewalk; and as the mournful notes broke over the multitude, all reverently uncovered their heads.

On the south side of Twenty-third Street the Ninth Regiment was drawn up in double file, fronting the Grand Opera House, and remained so until the procession started.

First came a body of police one hundred strong, marching in double line; then the band of the Ninth Regiment, in their magnificent uniform, and the Aschenbrödel Society. They played the "Dead March in Saul." After the band came the immediate attaches of the Erie Railroad office, followed by other employés, to the number of about a thousand. Then came the Ninth Regiment in full force. They marched by triple line, with arms reversed, and presented a splendid appearance. Next came the hearse. Following it came the favorite black charger of Colonel Fisk, led by a tall colored man. Next came the officers representing each regiment of the National Guard. Then came the carriages, extending nearly a quarter of a mile. In the first was Jay Gould, President of the Erie Railroad; then came Frederick A. Lane, Mortimer Smith, and others prominently connected with the Erie Railroad, and in the remainder were the personal friends of the deceased.

When the sad procession reached the New Haven Dépôt, on Fourth Avenue and Twenty-seventh Street, the large crowd that had there assembled reverently uncovered.

Three coaches and a baggage-car had been specially decorated for the funeral journey to Vermont. The coffin was transferred to the baggage-car, where a box, covered with black cloth and ornamented with silver, awaited its reception. The relatives, friends, and staff of the Ninth Regiment entered the cars to accompany the remains to their last resting-place.

At three o'clock the cars were drawn out one by one, and started for the Grand Central Dépôt, to connect with the regular train, and a half-hour later all that was mortal of the generous commander and patron was on its way to the scene of his birth.

The expressions of regret and sympathy that emanated from the thousands who witnessed the funeral cortège were honest and hearty. The many virtues of the deceased were feelingly extolled, and unnumbered instances of the colonel's benevolence and goodness of heart were recounted amid copious tears. The sadness of the occasion was such that one would feel for the loss of a valued personal friend.

The funeral train reached Brattleboro, Vt., at noon on Tuesday. Never was the mountain village subject to such a throng of visitors. The religious services at the Baptist Church, to which the remains and friends were conveyed

in sleighs, and at the grave, were of the most touching and solemn character.

Where the lamented colonel was best known, he was the most mourned. Every lip moved with expressions of sorrow and kindness, and the grief portrayed on thousands of faces was heartfelt beyond mistake.

On a bold bluff, six thousand feet above the rippling waters of the Connecticut, is the mound marking the place where the remains of the remarkable man of thirty-seven were deposited by his fellow-officers, business associates, and stricken friends.

NEWS BREVITIES.

TEN-CENT lectures are popular in Iowa.

A KANSAS lunatic ate his bed-blanket and died.

RUSSIA has recently organized fifteen thousand public schools.

A SELLER of prize packages in Baltimore drew a police officer, and was taken in.

STRASBOURG expels all negro minstrels from her gates, and makes no bones about it.

SENATOR CAMERON wants to have a corporal guard of Japanese educated at West Point.

THE salary of the Governor of New Jersey has been increased to \$5,000.

TWO AMERICANS have started a newspaper in the English language at Constantinople.

THE earnings of the Maine State Prison the past year were \$6,000 in excess of the expenditures.

THE Empress of Germany wants to secure Alfred Tennyson for the Imperial menagerie, as private secretary.

THE remains of the late General Henry W. Hallock, U. S. A., are to be interred in Evergreen Cemetery as soon as forwarded from the West.

MAYOR HALL has temporarily resigned his office into the hands of General Cochrane, President of the Board of Aldermen.

UNCLE SAM has 1,400,000,000 acres of land for sale, after all his donations for the benefit of railroads, schools, colleges, etc.

YALE COLLEGE has received gifts amounting in value to \$1,440,000 (\$600,000 from New Haven) within twelve years, and now wants only \$750,000 more.

GOVERNOR SCOTT, of South Carolina, has sent a special message to the Legislature, defending himself against the charges of Bowen, who replies by challenging him to meet the charges in court.

It is said that the Jewish rabbi of the great synagogue at Berlin receives the highest salary voluntarily paid to any living preacher. It is \$20,000 a year.

AT the Columbus (Ga.) fair a stocking was exhibited, darned so perfectly that the judges pronounced it not darned at all. The lady who did the work was highly complimented.

A CHINESE who had his nose bitten off recently in a San Francisco fight, carefully packed it and sent it home, to show his friends an American custom.

MISS ROSE HAWTHORNE, the youngest daughter of the novelist, has recently married, and by her change of name destroyed the proverb. She is now a Rose without Hawthorne.

DIPLOMATIC arrangements between France and Germany are improving. The representatives of the two nations at Paris and Berlin receive each other with much apparent cordiality.

NO MORE free passes for Massachusetts Senators. They are trying to pass a bill to exempt railway passengers from liability to pay fare unless they are provided with seats.

ALL the criminal cases before Judge M'Kean in Salt Lake City have been continued until the second Monday in March. The Attorney-General is unable to pay the expenses of jurors or witnesses without a Congressional appropriation.

DR. SEARS, the custodian of the Peabody fund, has appropriated \$1,500 to pay an agent to travel over Tennessee and arouse the people to the importance of free schools. Mr. J. B. Killebrew is appointed agent.

THE Grand Duke is the opposite of President Grant. He believes in making presents, and after giving Parepa-Rosa an elegant bracelet, has just favored Lydia Thompson with another of amethyst, set with diamonds.

OR the present College of Cardinals at Rome, three have had strokes of apoplexy, one has the gout, four are in their dotage, and the youngest, Cardinal Milite, is dying of consumption, at the age of 55 years. There are twenty-four vacancies in the college.

A new kind of trial by jury has been tried in Saxony for petty crimes, and has worked so well that its extension is advocated. It is composed of three lawyers and four laymen. A majority verdict must have the vote of at least one lawyer, or it must have the voice of five of the seven.

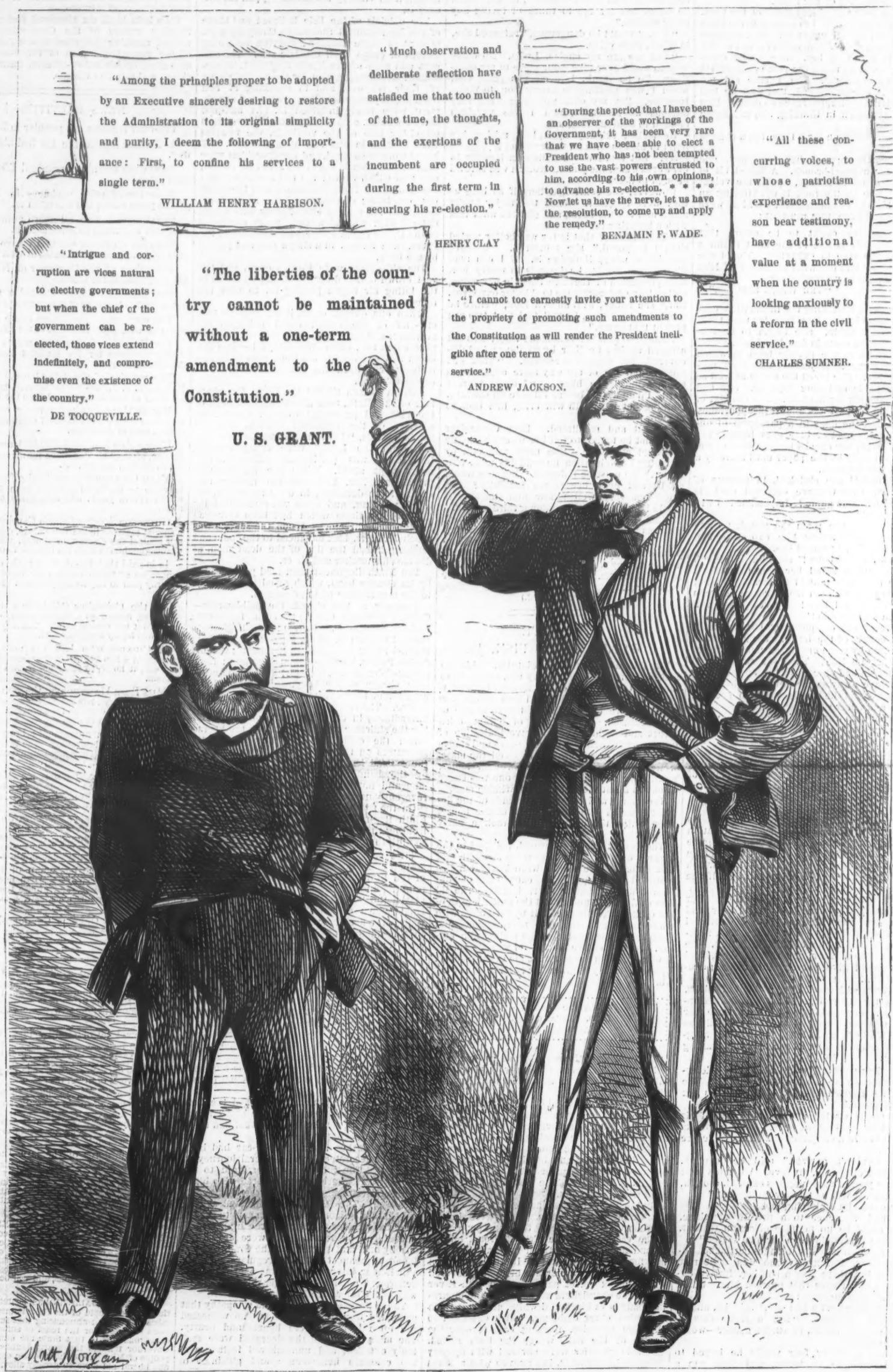
WHAT a desperate fight these few words record: "Charles Jones, a convict, escaped from the Nevada State Prison. Francis S. Armistead pursued him. They fought with Henry rifles at ten paces distance. Jones was hit twelve times and Armistead nine. Both died."

THE murderer of the late Judge Norman was executed in Calcutta in a peculiar manner. He was hanged, and his body burned by low-caste men, the object of this latter operation being to scatter his ashes, so that when Azrael, the Angel of Death, comes to summon sinners to judgment, he cannot find him.

THE trustees of the Antietam National Soldiers' Cemetery have closed a contract for the erection of a monument in the Battle Cemetery. It is to cost \$30,000, and to be built of granite; the pedestal is to be twenty-five feet high, surmounted by a statue of a soldier twenty tons in height. The statue will weigh sixty-five tons, and will be the largest in the world.

GOVERNOR BALDWIN has issued a proclamation to the people of the United States in which he takes pleasure in announcing that further contributions of money for the relief of sufferers by the disastrous fires in that State are unnecessary. The Governor tenders the hearty thanks of the whole people of Michigan to those whose earnest sympathy and liberal aid have so greatly alleviated the sufferings of so many of its citizens.

THE Spring reception at the Museum of Natural History, Arsenal Building, Central Park, is to be the most interesting yet held. The trustees are hard at work arranging the various specimens and collecting new ones, and they hope to be able to place on exhibition by that time an interesting collection of animals not yet exposed to public view. This Museum is becoming a valuable feature of the Park, and is already a favorite resort.



UNCLE SAM—"Ulysses, with all these authorities before your eyes, it strikes me that you have a great deal of assurance to ask me to engage you for another term."



MARYLAND.—GRAND BALL GIVEN BY THE CADETS OF THE U. S. NAVAL ACADEMY AT ANNAPOLIS, ON THE EVENING OF JANUARY 5TH, 1872.—SEE PAGE 309.

THE LATE MAJOR-GENERAL HALLECK.

ONE by one, the officers of the army and navy who became conspicuous during the war are falling by the wayside.

Following Farragut and Thomas, General Henry W. Halleck, at one time Commander-in-Chief of the Army, has just bowed before the conqueror of all—Death.

Henry Wager Halleck was born at Western-

Lieutenant of Engineers. So well-grounded was he in this branch of the service, that Halleck held the position of Assistant-Professor of Engineering at the Academy until June, 1840. From 1841 to 1844 he was employed by the Government on the fortifications in New York harbor, in repairing Fort Wood, Bedloe's Island, and works on Governor's Island. He visited Europe in 1845, by order of the War Department, for the purpose of examining the principal military establishments of the chief countries. On his return to the United States, in the Winter of 1845, he delivered a series of lectures before the Lowell Institute of Boston, on the "Science of War." His success in this endeavor led Halleck to publish a volume entitled, "The Elements of Military Art and Science," with an introductory chapter on the "Justifiability of War." On January 1st, 1845, he was commissioned a First Lieutenant of Engineers, and during the following Summer, proceeded to California and the Pacific coast on active service. The outbreak of the Mexican war found him still on the Pacific coast, and he remained in active civil and military service during all the campaigns under Scott and Taylor. For gallant conduct at the affairs of Palas Prietas and Urias, November 18th and 19th, 1847, he was breveted a Captain, having attained the grade of First Lieutenant in 1845; and he subsequently greatly distinguished himself at San Antonio and Todos Santos, having at the former place, with a few mounted volunteers, with whom he had made a forced march of 120 miles in twenty-eight hours, surprised a Mexican garrison of several hundred men, and nearly succeeded in capturing the Governor. He was Secretary of State of the Province of California, under the military Governments of Generals Mason and Riley, from 1847 to December, 1848, and during the same period acted as Auditor of the Public Revenue. Between 1850 and 1854 he discharged the duties of Judge Advocate and In-

mission bearing date August 17th, 1861; and in November he succeeded Fremont in the command of the Western Department, fixing his headquarters at St. Louis.

In April, 1862, having directed the campaign in the Southwest from his permanent headquarters since the preceding February, he assumed the command of the army before Corinth, the investment of which place he conducted to a successful issue. The disastrous ending of the campaign of the Chickahominy having suggested to the President the appointment of a person of large military experience to reside in Washington, and there direct the movements of the various generals in the field, he was, on July 11th appointed General-

in-Chief of all the land forces of the United States, and on the 15th of the month entered upon his new duties, and remained in that position until relieved by General Grant, in 1864. At the close of the war he was appointed to the command of the Military Division of the South, with headquarters at Louisville, Ky., where he died.

THE German Parliament has voted its Army Budget for three years. During that time the regular force to be kept permanently on foot will be 401,659 men—exclusive of both Reserves and Landwehr—and the annual expenditure, \$65,000,000.



THIS LATE MAJOR-GENERAL HENRY W. HALLECK.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.

ville, near Utica, N.Y., in the year 1816. His early education was very slight, and it was by hard study for a brief term at Union College that he prepared himself for admittance to the United States Military Academy at West Point, which occurred in 1833. Four years later he graduated, and was appointed Brevet Second

spector of Light-houses; and in the latter year, having then attained the rank of Captain of Engineers, he resigned his commission and commenced the practice of law in San Francisco. Soon after the breaking out of the civil war he was appointed a Major-General in the United States Army, his com-



VERMONT.—CONSEQUENCES OF THE LATE COLONEL JAMES FIFE, JR., AT BRATTLEBORO—THE PROCESSION ENTERING THE CHURCH.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY D. A. HENRY.—SEE PAGE 315.

THE CAT'S FUGUE.

PICTURE to yourselves a small house, half hidden in dark green myrtle-bushes—grown round with vines—surrounded and shaded by wild roses and orange-trees; in the background, Naples—that queen of all cities; and overhead, the canopy of an ever-smiling Italian sky. Such a brightly colored scene is very enchanting to eyes half blinded by Winter snow and ice, and our longing hearts dwell on all its voluptuous loveliness, until at last we speak of the laughing blue heavens as if we ourselves had felt its life-giving, intoxicating sun-kisses, and had looked on the strange, bewitching splendor of the South.

Having feasted on this little picture, now turn your eyes to an old, carelessly dressed man, who sits before the house-door, gazing thoughtfully into distant space.

Sometimes an orange-tree scatters him with its fragrant blossoms, he cares not; roses kiss the crown of his head, gay butterflies flutter playfully around him. In vain. The ever-active life and motion concern him not; and yet passionate expression was mobile in his dark, nobly formed countenance, and the burning Italian eyes contrasted strangely with his head's Wintry snow. It was the Maestro Alessandro Scarlatti.

A harp rested against his arm-chair, and before him a great black cat had taken up his situation with an air of inimitable gravity and importance, busy all the time in making the tip of his tail, which, like his left ear, was of dazzling whiteness, wave gently across the harp-strings, by which curious experiment all sorts of strange sounds were produced. It was his constant practice (his revered master never taking unfavorable notice of these musical exercises) to give himself up recklessly every morning to the dictates of his genius, and amid the most comical airs and graces to wave his tail across the harp; sometimes, in the overflow of his feelings, giving vent to one of those dolorous cries, powerful alike to soften stones and drive mankind furious.

Far from disturbing Meister Scarlatti, however, he would sometimes laugh good-naturedly when his cat fell into this musical ecstasy; but in the evening Pussy sat with the solemnity of a judge in a corner of his master's room, while the latter himself played the harp. In very truth, that must have been delightful to hear, for all the birds which sang in the myrtle and orange-boughs came listening at the opening window, and the roses pushed in their little heads so eagerly, one over the other, that many a tender bud must have lost its life thereby. The Maestro looked like the wondrous bard, Ossian, though not so bent with care and sorrow. What wonder that the soul of a sensitive tabby, who into the bargain bewailed a sweetheart's death, should dissolve in melancholy, and his green eyes overflow with tears, like the King of Thule! Whenever Scarlatti observed these precious drops, he would draw his faithful four-legged companion toward him and overwhelm him with caresses, until Pussy regained her wild nature.

Certainly, it was a delightful life with such a gentle master, to whom he was all—friend, wife, child—never leaving him by night or day. When the old Meister composed, Ponto would sit motionless on his left shoulder, gently stroking him with the tip of his tail; but sometimes Scarlatti became angry and impatient when an idea would not take shape, or the pen was unmanageable; and then poor Ponto would be sent flying from his lofty elevation with an involuntary shrug. However, he bore no malice, but, like a wise woman to a scolding husband, reascended the vacated throne, for which good conduct he afterward received the reward of a thousand caresses, and other things more delightful to his palate.

It was all very nice and comfortable, if only there were no Sundays—the only sad day for Pussy Ponto; for on Sunday a certain queer, wild fellow would take up his quarters with Meister Scarlatti until tranquil night had enveloped the exhausted earth in her starry mantle. The young guest was the Maestro's favorite pupil, a native of far-away Germany, with his fair rosy face and light brown locks—called Hasse.

There was not a happier, bolder youth in the whole world than this same young German, who tormented honest Ponto in every imaginable manner, sometimes by tying a bell to his tail, or drawing little shoes over his paws, or crowning him with roses and orange-blossoms, whose strong perfume the feline nose could in nowise endure, and would struggle against with repeated convulsive sneezings. In addition to all this, the young German possessed a little mischievous dog, who, however, even Ponto, his sworn enemy, had to confess was charming, with his intelligent brown eyes, dazzling whiteness, and graceful, active movements. But this spoilt pet was, if anything, wilder, more ungovernable, even than his owner, and Pussy fretted himself thin at his audacity.

On the Sunday I have just described, while the cat sprang wildly improvising up and down the harp, and his master sat thoughtfully still, lo! the dreaded guest appeared, as an interruption to the first prelude. Light and joyously he stepped in, with his curly locks and fresh-colored cheeks, and near him jumped his favorite companion.

"Good-morning, Meister Scarlatti," cried the new-comer, with hearty voice and look; "how I have longed for you!"

Scarlatti nodded with a smile, half friendly, half mocking, at the speaker's foreign accent, and replied:

"I am a bad companion to-day, Hasse; I have many, many things in my head; various tones buzz confusedly in my ears, and I can form no melody from them. I seek something specially original, and am in despair because I cannot find it. So pray leave me in peace from your pranks, or I will twist the neck of your little spoilt dog!"

There were times when Scarlatti was wont to assume an irritated manner, and give ex-

pression to terrible threats that he would have been the very last man in the world to carry into execution. These were the moments when the current of his genius would not flow smoothly, and bend itself into the ideas he sought to create. Then all went wrong; and even the pranks of his favorite Hasse—funny and mild and innocent as they invariably were—would scarcely be tolerated by him.

To-day, as we have just heard, he vowed vengeance against his little dog.

Hasse knew well enough his master's moods. He knew also how far he might venture with impunity, and he liked to push his audacity to the very verge of an outbreak.

"Hold, Meister Scarlatti," cried the visitor; "not so quick. I see plainly you are in a bad humor, but you must not touch my little Treulieb. You know he was the parting gift of my sweet, fair German love, and shall follow me like her faithful affection."

The Maestro turned to the young man with a kind smile, and gazed on his bright, almost childish countenance. There stood the enthusiast leaning against an orange-tree, surrounded by Southern magnificence, and, with eyes raised heavenward, seemed to dream of his beloved, distant home; of the green trees, gay flowers, and snow-crowned mountains in his beautiful Vaterland; or, perchance, his thoughts flew to that fairest among flowers, his own true-love. But soon the clouds cleared from his youthful brow, for Treulieb sprang on him and licked his hands. The Meister, again buried in thought, depended on his pupil for the order and peace of his little establishment. And the young man did his duty for a time as he read the two animals an admirable lecture, and at its close drew from his pocket a little wig and pair of spectacles, with which, despite much resistance, he proceeded to adorn the insulted Ponto. That seemed particularly to delight mad Treulieb, who barked and danced about the despairing victim with the grace and agility of a Ballerina.

Scarlatti glanced at the group, and was forced to laugh, but took care not to betray this weakness to his frolicsome pupil; on the contrary, he grumbled so to himself that Hasse, fearing an outbreak, enticed his scholars in the adjoining room. There stood the old piano open, and the youth's hands soon glided over its keys as he played a furious witch dance. Treulieb jumped like one possessed, and at length, in the exuberance of his merriment, sprang with a joyful cry on miserable Ponto's back, whose throat he tenderly encircled with his fore-paws. Then at last broke the slender thread of patience possessed by that noble Grimalkin's soul, and with the thought, "to be or not to be," he began to tear about, almost flying with the light burden on his back. Over tables and chairs he sprang, spitting and scratching; scattering the Maestro's papers like chaff, and raising a cloud of dust in the little room. Hasse ran to the rescue. In vain; no calling, no scolding availed, until at last Ponto grew weary.

Shame for the insult he received, and anger at his own weakness, raised a grand idea in his breast—he would summon his master for assistance. Without an instant's hesitation he sprang on the keys of the piano, ran wildly twice up and down, letting, at the same time, the shrill penetrating wall of his race resound.

At the first strange sounds Treulieb fell almost unconscious from the inspired one's back; a muffled chord announced his fall; then followed Pussy's spectacles; only the wig remained; the confused sounds became melodious. Hasse listened, but through the open window, between all the vine-leaves and roses, appeared the face of the old Maestro, beaming with the most passionate delight, as he cried, "Come to my heart, Pussy! you have found it!" and Ponto rushed half fainting into his master's arms. But Scarlatti sent the mad pupil away till the following day.

When the young man appeared before his teacher next morning, the latter, with a brilliant triumphant look, showed him a manuscript thickly covered with notes, above which paraded the large title-letters, "Cat's Fugue." Then, seating himself at the piano, he played.

The youth, with glad surprise, instantly recognized in the wondrous artistically woven ornamented theme the strange note signals and fiendish melodies of the wild hunt performed on the piano-keys in the person of a despairing cat! At its close, teacher and pupil exhausted themselves with laughing, but the renowned Pussy sat on his master's left shoulder, and the latter declared to his dying day that Ponto also laughed quite humanly.

NORTHERN PACIFICS AND THE NEW LOAN.

The new loan, and the offer of the firm of Jay Cooke, McCulloch, and the Rothschilds, for \$600,000,000 worth of it, will doubtless finish up at a stroke the present 5-20 bonds of the Government. We could see all along a growing tendency on the part of the Administration to fund the debt, and thus relieve the country of a large portion of the taxation that oppresses it. Yet, still we must acknowledge that great inconvenience is sometimes felt by holders of Government bonds, when the calling them in attains unto too rapid a pace. Investors usually require time to look around them, and see what is the next best thing to transfer released capital to.

Again, when we see Government bonds being redeemed so fast, we may take it as certain that the prices will advance for other securities. Now, it is very evident, if there is any possibility of taking time by the forelock in such matters, they who do so are the least sufferers. The banking firm of Messrs. Jay Cooke & Co., who are the financial agents for the Northern Pacific Railway, have been pointing out to the holders of United States 5-20's the advantages they secure by exchanging them for the gold bonds of the Northern Pacific's 7-30's, which have 30 years to run free from all taxation. They prove that at present rates the exchange adds to his income thereby 88 per cent. Now, if such is the case (and we see no reason to doubt it), the calling in of Government 5-20's is timed

judiciously and singularly, in accordance with the filling up the gap, with equally as good—but considerably more profitable—an investment in the shape of the first mortgage gold bonds of the Northern Pacific's 7-30's. We believe there are times in a man's life when, like David, he is able to say, "Surely the lines are fallen unto me in pleasant places;" and such, doubtless, are the views of those who have entered into the barter we have described. But as no investment is profitable unless it be safe, it is always judicious to inquire into the character of the securities, and examine their tangibility. We will therefore review those of the Northern Pacifics.

In the first place, the 50,000,000 of acres of a land-grant made to the company is in itself one of the most reliable of all securities, inasmuch as that land is always valuable—always salable—and, as a rule, is on the ascending scale of marketable rates, and very decidedly so when in the vicinity of railways. Now, as the bonds of the Northern Pacific can at any time be exchanged for the company's land, at the rates of the period when such exchange is made, the bondholder is always in a position to realize on his investment.

As regards the value of the fifty millions granted to the company, if land is worth anything in America, this magnificent estate will trebly cover the cost of the entire road: but apart from the land security, it also appears from the company's charter that the aforesaid bonds have a lien on the company's franchise, and the entire effects of the road when finished, or as it progresses. This we consider as sufficient evidence to settle satisfactorily all inquiries respecting the securities.

As regards the paying prospects of the road, there is every reason to indulge in the hope that they will fully meet the anticipations of the projectors. The extent of territory which it covers is not only a large, but an important one. It is favored by nature with a climate of general temperance, and a rich and succulent soil; its mines are among the most valuable on the continent, and its woods are sufficient to build cities, rear cities and supply the world at large with timber suited to every purpose of mankind. We therefore regard the building of the Northern Pacific line of railroad as a great national advantage, which will not only tend to the further elevation of our nation, but will also prove to be an incalculable boon to the races of other climes.

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FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

SHOWMEN complain that Darwin has bulled the monkey market.

A MALADY of the Low Ten—Gout.

WHAT part of a rifle is like an assault?—The breech of the piece.

THE PRISON-DANCE—A "quod" reel.

TWO FOUCUPINES make a prickly pair.

MAIDS of honor—Those who do not jilt suitors.

ONE of the Cities of the Plain—Hideo-sity.

AN artificial florist who lives upon the second floor may be called a second Flora.

WHY does a dog *snatch* at a bone? Because it is natural.

LAPSE of time—Old coat-tails.

MOVING for a new trial—Popping to Mrs. NO. 2.

WHITHER should young ladies who pencil their eyebrows be dispatched? To Pensyl-va(h)n-ia.

THOUGH soldiers profess to love the wives they leave behind them, they somehow, generally, go away in transports.

IT is difficult to understand why some people exhibit so much solicitude about their lungs, when their lungs always take air of themselves.

"'Tis but a little faded flour," sung the boarder at a cheap hotel, as he munched a "thin" biscuit.

How happy could I be with ether,

To imitate claret's bouquet!

So pure malt and hops mingled together,

More safe to my lips I'll convey.

A WAG observing on the door of a house the names of two physicians, remarked that it put him in mind of a double-barreled gun: if one missed, the other would be sure to kill.

A NEGRO waiter, who had twice awakened a traveler to inform him that breakfast was ready, and a third time broke his slumbers by attempting to pull off the bedclothes, thus explained: "Massa, if you isn't gwine to git up, I must hab de sheet off, you know."

It is difficult to understand why some people exhibit so much solicitude about their lungs, when their lungs always take air of themselves.

WHY should not married ladies dance?

When'er their "tootsies" have the chance

Of hopping to some lively air,

Sans domestic toils or care,

Troubling not, or little feeding

Who's at home the baby feeding?

Trotting off to all the balls—

It matters not if baby squalls?

For what on earth are husbands made for,

Except to see that things are paid for,

Stay and gangle baby's throat,

If uproarious, with the bottle?

THIS is the way the female lecturer talks:

"Young men, you should marry the large women

rather than the small, all things else being equal.

[Laughter and applause.] Never marry a woman

who is prone to deprecate the virtues of any of her sex.

Marry a widow, especially if she be a mother

of healthy children, for widows in these days are apt

to be more sensible than girls. Experience has done

much for them. [Laughter and applause.] A widow's

love is apt to be richer than that of a spoiled girl.

Always marry a woman better educated than yourself.

[Laughter and applause.] Never marry a woman

who is prone to deprecate the virtues of any of her sex.

Married life is a burden, but a good one.

[Laughter and applause.]

IN general terms, I say to my sisters, beware of all men."



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